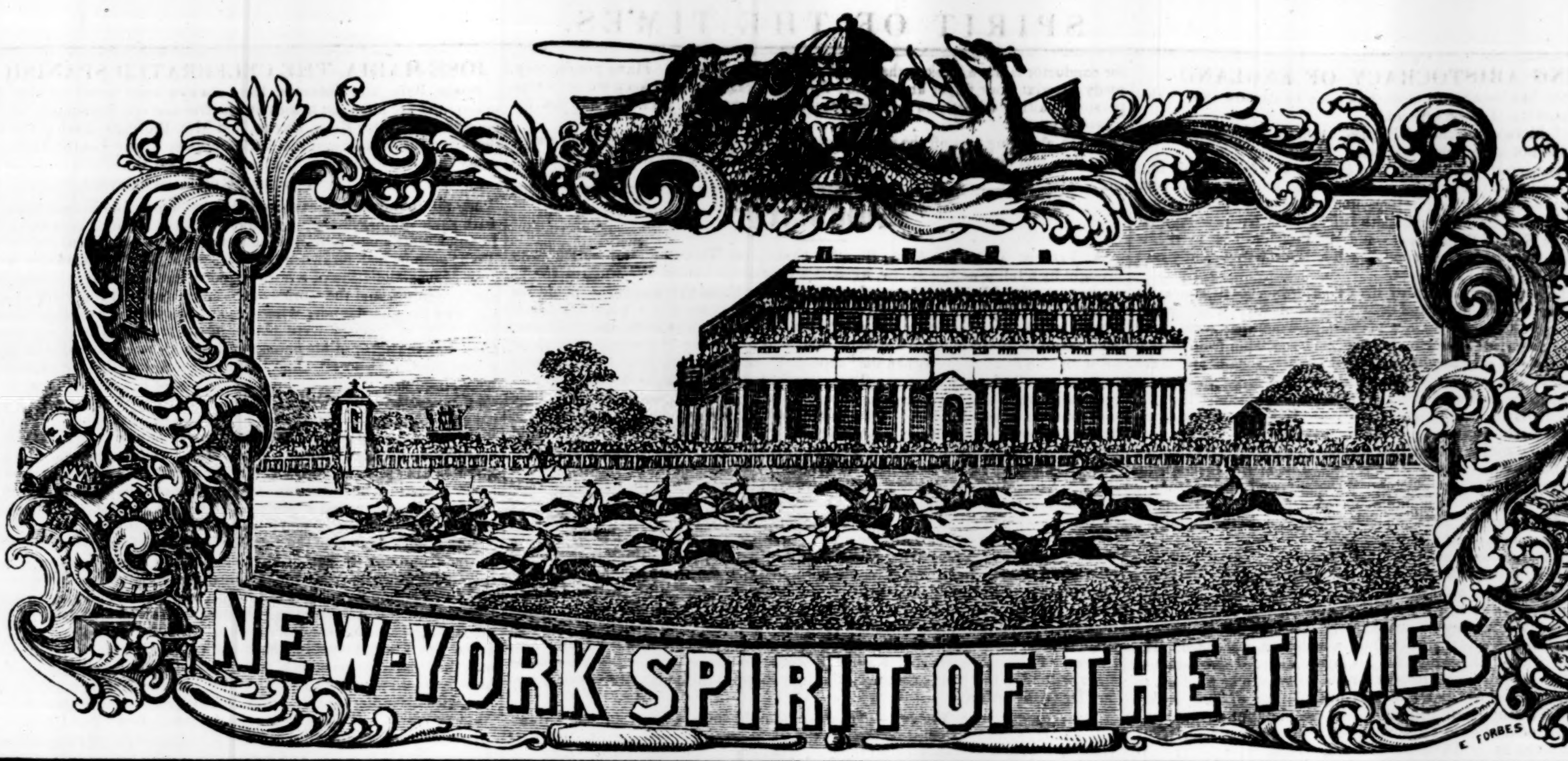

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 19.

Miscellanies.

FANCY PARODY—THE JUNIPER TREE.

"Oh the Missletoe Bough!"

The Toper sat in his landlord's chair,
In a heavy sleep, he merged all care,
He dreamt of the Juleps and cocktails that past,
His gullet that morning so sleek and so fast—
The toper beheld in his joyous pride,
The brandy and gin bottles close by his side,
And they with their labels seemed to be,
The Stars of his rubicund destiny.
Oh the Juniper Tree! Oh the Juniper Tree!

"I am weary of dozing the Toper soon cried,
"A cocktail I'll have and I can't be denied,
"And landlord be sure to have plenty of mint,
"I'll be drunk before night, or the devil is in't;"
A Julep soon followed the cocktail's track,
And brandy and water too, close at its back,
And the Toper soon found the elysium of earth,
'Twas the softest brick on the landlord's hearth.
Oh the Juniper Tree! Oh the Juniper Tree!

His wife all that night, and great part of next day,
Sought her toper in anguish, "where, where can he lay?"
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
His dame sought him wildly but found him not;
And the pangs that she bore for her truant love,
Were akin to the throes of the mateless dove,
And she vowed if she lived to put eyes on him,
She would 'sever the miscreant, limb from limb—
Oh the Juniper Tree! Oh the Juniper Tree!

At length her fair foot, and an oaken stick,
Disturbed his gay snores with a compound lick,
The parts to which poets now rarely allude
Were treated by her most outrageously rude,
Sad! sad! was his fate, in the height of her ire
She tumbled him body and bones in the fire,
Then kicked him down stairs in a halo of flame
While he hiccoughed "dear Nell what a *burning* shame."
Oh the Juniper Tree! Oh the Juniper Tree.

Baltimore Daily Transcript.

ANECDOTES OF ARABIAN HORSES.

We may not, perhaps, believe all that is told us of the Arabian. It has been remarked that there are, on the deserts where this horse traverses, no mile-stones to mark the distance, or watches to calculate the time; and the Bedouin is naturally given to exageration, and, most of all, when relating the prowess of the animal which he loves as dearly as his children: yet it cannot be denied that, at the introduction of the Arabian into European stables, there was no other horse comparable to him.

The Arab horse is as celebrated for his docility and good temper, as for his speed and courage. In that delightful book, "Bishop Heber's Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India," the following interesting character is given of him. "My morning rides are very pleasant. My horse is a nice, quiet, good-tempered little Arab, who is so fearless, that he goes, without starting, close to an elephant, and so gentle and docile, that he eats bread out of my hand, and has almost as much attachment and coaxing ways as a dog. This seems the general character of the Arab horses, to judge from what I have seen in this country. It is not the fiery dashing animal I had supposed, but with more rationality about him, and more apparent confidence in his rider, than the majority of English horses."

The kindness with which he is treated from a foal, gives him an affection for his master, a wish to please, a pride in exerting every energy in obedience to his commands, and, consequently, an apparent sagacity which is seldom seen in other breeds. The mare and her foal inhabit the same tent with the Bedouin and his children. The neck of the mare is often the pillow of the rider, and more frequently of the children, who are rolling about upon her and the foal: yet no accident ever occurs, and the animal acquires that friendship and love for man which occasional ill treatment will not cause him for a moment to forget.

When the Arab falls from his mare, and is unable to rise, she will immediately stand still, and neigh until assistance arrives. If he lies down to sleep, as fatigue sometimes compels him, in the midst of the desert, she stands watchful over him, and neighs and rouses him if either man or beast approaches. An old Arab had a valuable mare that had carried him for fifteen years, in many a hard-fought battle, and many a rapid, weary march; at length, eighty years old, and unable longer to ride her, he gave her, and a scimitar that had been his father's, to his eldest son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never lie down to rest until he had rubbed them both as bright as a looking-glass. In the first skirmish in which the young man was engaged, he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy. When the news reached the old man, he exclaimed that "life was no longer worth preserving, for he had lost both his son and his mare, and he grieved for one as much as the other;" and he immediately sickened and died.

Man, however, is an inconsistent being. The Arab who thus lives with, and loves his horses, regarding them as his most valuable treasure, sometimes treats them with a cruelty scarcely to be believed, and not at all to be justified. The severest treatment which the English race-horse endures is gentleness compared with the trial of the young Arabian. Probably the filly has never before been mounted; she is led out; her owner springs on her back, and goads her over the sands and rocks of the desert, at full speed, for fifty or sixty miles, without one moment's respite. She is then forced, steaming and panting, into water deep enough for her to swim. If, immediately after this, she will eat as if nothing had occurred, her character is established, and she is acknowledged to be a genuine descendant of the *Kochlani* breed. The Arab is not conscious of the cruelty which he thus inflicts: it is an invariable custom; and custom will induce us to inflict many a pang on those whom, after all, we love.

The following anecdote of the attachment of an Arab to his mare has often been told, but it comes home to the bosom of every one possessed of common feeling. "The whole stock of an Arab of the desert consisted of a mare. The French consul offered to purchase her, in order to send her to his sovereign, Louis XIV. The Arab would have rejected the proposol at once with indignation and scorn; but he was miserably poor. He had no means of supplying his most urgent wants, or procuring the barest necessaries of life. Still he hesitated; he had scarcely a rag to cover him—and his wife and children were starving. The sum offered was great—it would provide him and his family with food for life.—At length, and reluctantly, he consented. He brought the mare to the dwelling of the consul he dismounted—he stood leaning upon her; he looked now at the gold, and then at his favorite; he sighed—he wept. 'To whom is it,' said he, 'I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close—who will beat thee—who will render thee miserable. Return with me, my beauty, my jewell, and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment."

The next anecdote is scarcely less touching, and not so well known. Ibrahim, a poor, but worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree, could be traced on the side of sire and dam, for full five hundred years. The price was three hundred pounds; an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare: he would embrace her—wipe her eyes with his handkerchief—rub her with his shirt sleeves—and give her a thousand benedictions during whole hours that he remained talking to her. 'My eyes!' would he say to her, 'my soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling, as my child. I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!"

Sir John Malcolm gives two anecdotes to the same purpose, but of a more amusing nature.

"When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her. 'What will you give me?' was the reply: 'That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?' 'Guess again,' said he. 'Four?' 'Look at her mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans' (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling.)—'A little more, if you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty. A hundred.' He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans! 'Well,' said the Arab, 'you need not tempt me further; it is of no use. You are a rich elchee (nobleman.) You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and, I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now,' added he, 'you want my mare; but you should not have her for all you have got.'"

"An Arab sheick or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not, for a long while, discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheick, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The sheick and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return, he found the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter; and that he stole the one to carry off the other.—The chief was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed; and was easily reconciled to the young man, in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitious than about his daughter."

One of our own countrymen, the enterprising traveler, major Denham, affords us a pleasing instance of the attachment with which the docility and sagacity of the horse may inspire the owner. He thus relates the death of his favorite Arabian, in one of the most desert spots of Central Africa. His feelings needed no apology. We naturally honor the man in whom true sensibility and undaunted courage, exerted for useful purposes, were thus united.

"There are a few situations in a man's life in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly; and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was a something very nearly approaching to it; and though I felt ashamed of the degree of derangement I suffered from it, yet it was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered that the poor animal had been my support and comfort,—nay, I may say, companion, through many a dreary day and night; had endured both hunger and thirst in my service; and was so docile that he would stand still for hours, in the desert, while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noon-day sun,—he was yet the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the chase."

Our horses would fare badly on the scanty nourishment afforded the Arabian. The mare usually has but one or two meals in twenty-four hours. During the day she is tied to the door of the tent, ready for the Bedouin to spring, at a moment's warning, into the saddle; or she is turned out before the tent, ready saddled, the bridle merely taken off, and so trained that she gallops up immediately at her master's call. At night she receives a little water: and with her scanty provender of five or six pounds of barley or beans, and sometimes a little straw, she lies down, content, in the midst of her master's family. She can, however, endure great fatigue; she will travel fifty miles without stopping; she has been pushed, on emergency, one hundred and twenty miles, and, occasionally, neither she nor her rider has tasted food for three whole days.

To the Arabian, principally, England is indebted for her improved and now unrivalled breed of horses for the turf, the field, and the road.

A SIMILE FOR LOVE.

Quoth Tom to Bill, 'I've thump'd my brain
An half hour and above,
And for my life I cannot find
A simile for love.'

'La what a dolt! sir, love is like
The measles, or being hung;
Folks never have it twice, you know,
And always catch it young.'

Baltimore Athenæum.

TEXAS.—Extract from a letter dated at Velasco, 25th May, and received this morning from a distinguished individual, whose situation in Texas gives him full opportunity to know every thing that passes in that country:

"We have General Santa Anna still with us a prisoner; and I believe he will yet remain so for some time. He has, however, made a compact with the Texian Government, the basis of which is, the evacuation of the Territory to the Rio Grande; solemn pledge under oath not to take up arms against Texas; delivery of the prisoners; and the liberty of Santa Anna himself when the Government of Texas shall deem expedient. The people are much incensed against him, and the Government has, with difficulty saved his life. I believe the war is ended, and that the fate of Texas is settled. Now we alone wait for the tranquillity of Mexico. A great revolution threatens her."

HARD TIMES.—An old lady was complaining a few days ago in the market of the excessive high price of provisions. "It is not meat only that is so enormously dear," said she, "but I cannot obtain flour for a pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make the eggs half so large as they were used to be!"

Boston Mercantile.

The printed Parliamentary papers for the House of Commons only for the last session occupy *fifty-one* thick folio volumes.

FLOWERS OF RHETORICK.

The following patriotic speech was delivered on the frontier, at a meeting called for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of getting up an expidition against the hostile Indians:

Friends and Feller Citizen Sodgers: We are met here for the purpose of excussing the subject of the hospitalities lately convicted against our peaceful and blooming frontiers by the condacious red skins. I say we are met here to instigate whether we will sit still in our shantees, and see the spoiler whet his deadly and bloody and murderous knife against the hearts of our friends and fellow squatters, them are fearless spirits that have gone forth with a bold heart and a strong arm, to dig ditches and drain the swamps of the West! and whom we look upon emphatically and tetotally as the pianoes of a new world! I say, whether we will sit still in our shantees, and see their corn fields ravished, their wives inviolated before their very eyes, and their smiling pratling infants used up in the most barberacious manner, or whether we will march at once upon this second champaigne, and by our timely valerosity, save them from a state of total defunction, and at the same time extinguishing ourselves in etarnel fame! Ah! my feller citizen sodgers! I fully propitiate the symptomizeing feelings of your hearts. I need but remind you of your duties towards your suffering and distressful and conflicted brethren! Their woes cry aloud for address, and are heard, perhaps, even now, in the retiracy of our firesides and chimbly corners! Behold they lay down at night with a blooming cheek, and a ruby lip. And oh! my feller sodgers, must I revulge the cruel, the dreadful, the fatal catastrophy? they wake up ere morning in death! But I cannot dwell upon this horrible, this appalling, this dreadful subject, feller citizen sodgers, whose horrors runs firnenst the very grain, as I may say of the soul, without, I say without (stranger will you hand me a gourd of water with a leetle sprinkle of the crittur in it) without feeling insquinchible thirst for (a leetle more of the crittur if you please, stranger, jist a sprinkle) that wengence which all the Gods of war Wulcan and Plato, and Wesuvias, claim as their high prerogatives, but which I would shower, feller citizen sodgers, which I would shower in beams of wrath upon them are inlegal exconstitutional, and incivilized savages, which skulks amongst our bottoms by day and by night, sallies forth to kill and murder our families and to rob our potatoe patches! Yes, gentlemen, and fellow citizen sodgers! my soul rises spontenatiously, as I contaminate the glorious event that must extinguish our names in the hearts of our countrymen, till time shall be no more! Our success in this expidition is sartin—it is a mere carcumstance. The pianos will be aroused, and we will all light on um and tetotally obflisticate them off the face of the yearth! I know you are all the raal grit. I myself am particularly a caution, a raal snag boat, and will lead you where a good chunk of a fight is sartin to be hit aginst. I will flank you into a solemn colemn, and receeding by a retrogade advance we will away to the field of glory—the field of garnish and of blood! Yes, my friends and feller sodgers! We'll meet the enemy in their own diggings and the way we'll use um up 'll be a sin to Crocket.

LARRY O'BURLA'S DESPATCH FROM SPAIN.

Och, by the holy post, Mr. Idithur but it's great news I have for ye this time annyways. 'Sure Ivans has at last brought the boys to the scratch wid a vengeance, nearly half the same being skivered outright, whilst them that remains alive is nearly kilt with fear of the consequinces; for sure, though we bate the Dons right well, yet as a great Milesian ancisther of mine, one Paddy Pyrrhus, said, another such victory and we'll be done up quite intirely.

Our Ginral, ye see, like another Phabus,* having waited till he'd got a squadron of riglar King's steamers and vessels to help him, and a good strong fortress at the back of him to run back to in case of need, marched right boldly out agin the Carlists. We had asy work in driving them from their first works, seeing as how they did'nt defend them; but divil an inch would they stir from their next line, and our lads came back quicker than they went—them that could, that is. Ivans now pulled off his hat, and began bullying and roaring like mad, to encourage 'em; but divil a step would they stir agin—till, as good loock would have it, in comes the steam-vessels, and opens a fire that levels the Carlists works like shot, sure enough. So then our brave troops takes heart agin, and advances agin the abandoned intrinchments, and we entered 'em in grand style.

Two of our Chefs de Brigand (by the Hokey that's a slip of the pen—sure I meant Brigades) is wounded desperate; but divil a matter, there's others left as good, and all ready to step into their shoes.

It has been a most glorious victory; for though we had twice the inimy's number—setting aside the navy—yet sure we had three times as many killed and wounded; and though it's yit doubtful whether we shan't have to fall back on St. Sebastian, yet it's only because we're not equal to them in their mountain houlds, far away from the sea and steam-guns.

Ye well know by experience, Mr. Idithur, that it's not my way to be giving an opinion of my supayriors; for sure Ivans, being a Waterloo-man, and Mimber of Parliament for Westminster to boot, must be a brave man and a grate Gineral; but there's them out here as says, that the time of attack was ill chosen, and that he ought to have waited till the steamers had come up and driv the enemy out of their works. And, sure enough, he was obliged to wait for that in the end.—Howsomever, he thinks no small-beer of the victory, as the Westminster lads say; and made one of the Colonels a Barrownight on the field of battle. They say too, that he means to create himself a Duke, to be on a par with ould Wellington; and that his titles will be Duque de Baladronada, Conde de Cat-o'-nine-tails. Ye'll hear from me again soon. Yours ever,

LARRY O'BURLA.

P. S.—By manes of the steamers going widout my letter, seeing it was'nt in time to go wid de rist, and the Carlists having marched off—divil mend 'em—laving us in pace and quiet, I've jist a little leisure to add these few lines, to say that we maintain our ground in front of Her-nanny, pertected by the fire of the shipping, as if nothing whatsom'dever had happened at all at all; and we may now go back to St. Sebasteens and enjoy ourselves widout fear of molestation from the Carlists agin I'll engage. Our fleet (that's the King of England's—which is all one) the whiles will be amusing itself in taking all the forts along the coast,—so that we shall be able, after we've received our reinforcements, to move along the shore towards Plentya, keeping close to our mate and drink, and what's of more consequence, within range of the stame-guns. Sure they say the fleet's provided with all sorts of divilments to destroy the Carlists, let alone Congriv rockites, though none of them have landed yet—I never clapt my eyes on those same, but I've a notion they were ris in the South of Ireland, the same as the Scotch Fugiliers.

The Lagion has had a pretty mauling sure enoff, more especial in officers, of which by the same token we were rather short off even before the battle, by rason that so many are at home on lave. The sooner they *lave* that and come back here the better for them—as, let alone their hire, which they may chance to lose when *it is* served out, sure Ivans is going to shower down night-hoods like anything. Sure he's goin to institute a new order, to be called the most opportunate order of the Phanix and Salamander. I nivir heard the names of such Saints in Ireland, but I'll engage they're right good Romanists that have been lending us a helping hand lately. Yours in haste, L. O'B.

*Probably our correspondent means Fabius.

London Age.

THE SPORTING ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

The Duke of Wellington has been heard more than once to declare that "the Hunting Field was the nursery of good officers."

Now the dictum of the "Hero of a hundred Battles" is on all subjects entitled to attention; and on this is not to be lightly gainsaid.

If, then, this inference be correct, the Marquess of Hastings would make one of the best officers in the universe. The hunting season is to him the grace and glory of the year: and in the hunting field he lives, and moves, and has his being. What figures are to Mr. Hume—and the "Sabbath Bill" to Sir Andrew Agnew—and the "Papists" to the Earl of Winchilsea—and the Pension List to Whittle Harvey—and the Currency to Mr. Atwood—such is the cry of "Tally ho! Hark forward!" to the Marquess of Hastings.

Those who recollect the active part taken by his father, when Earl Moira, in public life—the fascination of his manner and delivery—the facility with which he could explain his views to the Legislature, and the impression they were wont to leave behind them—are disposed to mourn over the son's secession from public matters. Whether it be right in an individual of Lord Hastings' rank and stake in the country, to evince so little interest about his order, and such apathy to those great questions which are now so fiercely agitated, is a question which the friends of the Peerage will answer boldly in the negative. If a position in society be worth holding, it is worth preserving.

Those who profess to know him best aver that he abhors politics; and that his habits are simply those of a private country gentleman. The fact is, his lordship lives for the field. Thither tends his thoughts and pursuits: and for this object he is prepared to make any sacrifices. He hunts his own hounds; and though considerably above the middle height, lives on what would hardly support a mouse, in order that he may not exceed hunting weight.

To this system, which he has laid down and rigidly practised, may probably be ascribed the singularly faint, low tones of his voice. One marvels to hear a man upwards of six feet expressing himself almost in a whisper: and in consequence, at a public dinner—*when he can be prevailed on to attend one*—he is utterly inaudible save to the few who may sit immediately around him.

His private character does honor to the stock from which he is descended. His regard for his father's memory—his feelings for his father's friends and retainers—the manner in which he has proved his respect for his father's fame by discharging the many and heavy incumbrances which the munificence of that accomplished and kind hearted Nobleman left behind him—prove that to the inheritor of his name and honours, neither good sense nor good feelings are strangers.

He resides much, if not chiefly, at Donnington Park, which, it is understood, has recently undergone extensive improvements under his hands. The truth is, by the late owner it was never finished. He decided on his plan; but never "counted the cost," and never completed it. The appearance of the Park is peculiar. It is filled with Pollard Oaks—worth nothing as timber—but yet invaluable for the picturesque appearance they give to the demense.

The influence which the taste and predilections of such a man have on those within his own sphere, may be gathered from the following anecdote:

In the hamlet of Boothorpe—in the immediate neighborhood of the Marquess's property—there resides a worthy matron, who recently discovered a litter of four fox cubs. Impressed with a sense of the value of her prize, she carefully conveys them to her dwelling—tends them in the most affectionate and maternal manner—and as the youngest of the set was a "poor weakly thing," she, with the most praise worthy anxiety for its welfare, makes it *share the nutriment she was then affording to her own infant!**

The fact was deemed so extraordinary that a naturalist in the neighborhood considered it worth while to verify it by personal inspection.

She was found with the three cubs in a sort of cradle at her feet, while the invalid was slumbering in her lap.

"What have you there, mistress?"

"*A little one that I'm rearing for the Marquess.*"

"I was not aware that the Marquess had any little ones rearing about here! His are generally supposed to be at the Park! I presume we mean the same person—the owner of Donnington?"

"Yes! yes! It was a lucky walk for me. They'll be something handsome in my way. I knew well what I was about when I picked 'em up and tended 'em. I nursed this one," holding up the feeblest of the party,—"turn and turn with my own bairn."

"Is Lord Hastings aware of your intended present?"

"No! But what of that—it will do his heart good when he looks upon them. They *are* his; and he *deserves* them; for he's *the best of Christians.*"

"High praise, indeed! how do you support it?"

"Why his servants say that he's a good master; and his tenants that he's a good landlord; and he spends his money, not among them there Papishes in foreign parts, but here where he should do, among those who raise it for him; and he's a quiet, harmless man, that says nothing to no body; only when he cries 'Tally ho! hark forward!' and *then* you may hear him for miles. At other times he's so peaceable he would'nt harm a child."

"In short, mistress, he minds the Golden Rules?"

"Silver or gold, I don't know them exactly; but you may, mayhap; and if you know *my Lord's'* you will say they are real rare good ones."

"Hearken, dame, don't they run thus? *Fear God; Honour the King; Love your Neighbour;* and PRESERVE YOUR FOXES."

"Exactly; that's what's written in the very first leaf of the Marquess's Bible, as sure as I'm a woman and these are Fox cubs!"

* Fact. The name of this maternal woman is SMER.

OMNIBUS-OLOGY,

OR A LITTLE ADVICE ON A LARGE MATTER.

The Omnibuses, Mr. Editor, are by common consent admitted to be "a *great* accommodation," and truly it would be an injustice to say less of them; for, if an Omnibus be any accommodation at all, it must needs be a large one; inasmuch as, cocknically speaking, a *wehicle what'll* contain fourteen *sixteen stunners* can have nothing in common with any thing like littleness. Therefore, the Omnibuses are a *great* accommodation; but as some practice is necessary to enable you to avail yourself of that accommodation advantageously to all parties, I hope and trust you will promulgate the following rules and regulations for the benefit of that multitude of country cousins with which this our kingdom of cockaigne is just now crammed:—

1. Never hail a *galloping* Omnibus. Depend upon it the driver would have no sort of objection to break your neck, if he could do it without detriment to himself; and by employing him, you not only put your neck in jeopardy, but you encourage cruelty and ruffianism.

2. Never hail an Omnibus from the opposite side of a crowded street; inasmuch as by so doing you cause him to cross through at least two lines of other vehicles; to the great danger of life and limb; but place yourself on the left hand side ot the way in which you want to go; hail the Omnibus which is on the same side, and you will be taken up in a tenth part of the time, and without risk to any body.

3. Grasp the hand-rail firmly before you put your foot upon the step; otherwise it is possible the step may go away from under your foot, and leave you on the broad of your back in the mud—a melancholy mark of too much confidence, and a likely subject for "a shocking accident," should the driver of the next vehicle happen to be looking another way at the moment.

4. When you have once got your head inside, follow your nose steadily (treading on as few corns as possible in your progress) until you come opposite to the first vacant seat, into which let yourself down gently and carefully—instead of coming down with a heavy *squelch* as some great fat fogeys will do, to the exceeding great detriment of all slight stitchery in the costume of their neighbours.

5. Being down, keep your knees close together, and don't let them spread out at an angle of forty-five degrees, as many of the fat old fogeys aforesaid do; for you thereby occupy the space of two people, and either incommode your fellow passengers, or defraud the proprietor. Besides it is a very unpicturesque attiude, and displays a susquepedality of paunch to great disadvantage.

6. Being safely seated, keep your feet off the seats; even if there should be plenty of room for them. The people who ride in Omnibuses don't like to sit upon the door-mats—whatever the company in the dress circles at the theatre may do.—*Chacun a son gout.*

7. Never stare the women out of countenance, or make a girl blush, merely because she cannot get out of the way of your stupid gaze. If you *must* stare, stare at a man; and then if he don't like it he can take hold of the handle of your face and turn it another way.

8. Don't intrude your talk upon those who don't want it. Most people are of opinion that the clatter of an Omnibus' is quite noise enough, without the addition of coxcomb chatter.

9. Don't bring large brown paper parcels with you into an Omnibus—nor bundles of any sort.—An Omnibus is not a *van.*

10. If you bring a *dog* with you, let him be of the smallest possible dimensions; keep him tightly between your own knees; and hold his nose fast. It is a fact that many people have a decided objection to dying of hydrophobia.

11. However fond you may be of poking your nose through a window, don't open that at the front of an omnibus, lest while you are airing your own *nose,* you give each of your neighbours a "crick in the *neck.*" A "crick in the neck" often ends in a sore throat, and a sore throat in death; and death oftentimes produces serious consequences.

12. Never turn up your nose at your fellow passengers: but whenever you feel your gorge rising at their humble condition, recollect that they pay the same fare as you do, and that you are all of you travelling at the humble price of *one penny per mile!*

13. Don't spit on the straw; it is a nasty trick; and take care never to blow your nose with such energy as to startle your fellow travellers. From the energy employed in the operation, they might draw unfavorable inferences as to its condition.

14. When you are about to alight, have your money ready in the exact coin the conductor is not a banker, that he should give you change. Have your money ready betwixt your finger and thumb; for it is unreasonable to keep ten or twelve persons waiting whilst you are rummaging every possible pocket about you for a little sixpence.

15. In alighting, get off the steps as soon as you can, lest they should go away from you, and throw you upon your nose in the mud as aforesaid.

London paper.

Summary.

A TALE OF A COAT.—At the Sheriff's Court, on Thursday, an action was brought by a tailor named Shaw, against a tradesman named Whiting, to recover the sum of 4*l* 10s, the amount of a tailor's bill. From the statement made on behalf of the plaintiff, it appeared that the defendant ordered "a superfine black frock," and the price agreed upon was 4*l* 10s. The coat was made and sent home, and according to the plaintiff's account of it, was fit for any "gentlemen to show off with on a Sunday." When the "superfine" was tried on, however, it proved to be too small in every respect. The defendant sent it back to be altered, and upon being returned, the objection to it still existing, it was again sent back. This was done six or seven times. The plaintiff not succeeding in making a "fit," the defendant eventually sent the garment back, with an intimation that he would have nothing more to do with it. The plaintiff refused to take it, and immediately commenced an action to recover the amount. Witnesses were called to prove the above facts, who stated that they considered the coat fitted the defendant's body though it would not fit his head. On behalf of the defendant, it was contended that the coat never could have been made for the defendant, but that it was what is termed, in the phraseology of the craft, "a misfit;" and the plaintiff, having the coat on hand, considered it a good opportunity to palm it off on the defendant. Considerable merriment was here produced in court, by the defendant "doffing his own toggery," for the purpose of giving ocular demonstration to the Jury, of the plaintiff's ability to make a "skin fit." Mr. Paul, a tailor, carrying on business in Germyn street, had examined the coat. It never fitted the defendant, and to make it do so, it would be necessary to put in *an entirely new body and new sleeves.* If the coat were sold to a Jew, it would produce about 30s.—After some other witnesses had been examined, the Jury stopped the oause, and found a verdict for the defendant.

PAT PLAYING THE YANKEE.—Not many months since, a general muster of militia and regulars was called by the Governor of Lower Canada, near the town of Halifax. His Excellency called together the officers who composed "the regulars," told them to prepare for a fine day's sport, that he had ordered a troop of militia (50 men) composed of Irishmen, to play the "Yankee" at a sham fight in the afternoon; and that "His Majesty's regulars" would have fine sport transferring the "Irish Yankees," in the character of prisoners of war, from the field of battle, into a neighboring log house, which was converted for the time being into a guard-house.

The Pats, commanded by a truly originar character, named John Morris, issued forth at the appointed time, and formed themselves into a line two feet deep, on an elevated spot near the town, their valiant leader at the same time, exhorting them to stand firm, mind his orders, and play the game as "real Yankees should," and even give the "Lobsters" a taste of cold steel rather than submit to become prisoners.

The "regulars," consisting of 200 men, formed some 300 feet from the sham Yankees, and commenced a regular peppering of musketry, which was promptly returned by the Pats. At this stage of the action, the "regulars" were observed to extend their line, in order to surround the enemy; but our hero Morris, ordered to "charge bayonets," without any particular injunction not to hurt the foe. His Majesty's regulars thought the most prudent course would be to give "leg bail" for their valor, by performing a retrograde movement at a brisk trot. But Morris was not to be cheated in this manner. He pursued the retreating red coats, and could not resist the temptation of repeatedly vociforating "Hurrah for Jackson!" until he succeeded in taking 50 prisoners, among whom was his excellency, who ransomed himself and his fellow prisoners, by paying for a dinner, of which 200 Pats partook in honor of the victory. It is but fair to say that they conducted their prisoners into town, playing alternately, Yankee Doodle, and that soul-stirring air, Garry Owen. Detroit Free Press.

A BLACKSMITH'S WIFE BECOME A QUEEN.—It is a curious circumstance, that the present Queen of the Sandwich Islands, was formerly or rather at this time, the wife of a Russian blacksmith. An English vessel lying off what we usally call the Fox Island, several years ago, one of the officers became enamored of the fair spouse of a son of Vulcan there; and his passion being returned, contrived to smuggle her on board the vessel, and the captain, who enraged at such a breach of faith and discipline, kept her confined till they arrived at the Sandwich Islands, where she was put on shore. The forlorn Ariaque, however, found a Bacchus for her Theseus, a royal lover in the place of her lost Lieutenant. The King of the Island became enamored of the fair Russian, made her his wife and raised her to his throne. He was no everyday king. He was a statesman and a hero, though we should call him a savage. He progressively created a navy of several well built frigates, tanght his subjects to be excellent sailors, raised armres, subdued the surrounding Islands; and at the close of a prosperous reign, left his possessions and his sovereignity to his Queen, who now reigns as his successor. She is well obeyed by her subjects, possesses great wealth in flocks, herds, and rice grounds and sends frequent presents to her former deserted husband, who continues to hammer horses' shoes in a Russian colony, while his faithless, but it seems, not quite ungrateful spouse, stretches her sceptre over several prosperous Isles.

THE LATE DUEL.—As many and very contradictory stories are circulating respecting the recent duel between the Hon. Mr. Bynum of North Carolina, and the Hon. Mr. Jenifer, of Maryland, we deem it proper to make the following statement, which we have received from a source which leaves us no doubt of its correctness. We have before slightly noticed this duel; we now give these additional facts. The gentlemen exchanged six shots without effect. Mr. Bynum accidentally fired twice out of time, by which we understand, according to the established rules of duelling, he forfeited his life. When he made the second fire of this kind, Mr. Jenifer's second advanced upon him, with the intention of shooting him; but was arrested by Mr. Jenifer, who assured him, that he was perfectly satisfied that the discharge was entirely accidental. Mr. Bynum, however wished Mr. Jenifer to take a shot athim, without his returning it, which Mr. Jenifer declined. A gentleman who re-sided in the neighbourhood, a mutual friend of both parties, came upon the groundand successfully interposed to put a stop to all further proceedings. The challenge was suspended and Mr. Bynum, in a very handsome and creditable manner, retracted the offesive language, and passed a merited compliment upon the honorable and gentlemanly course, which characterized the conduct of Mr. Jenifer throughout the whole of the affair. They then shook hands, and all unpleasant feeling between them was removed. Georgetown Metropolitan.

A DROP TOO MUCH.—The wife of one of the first merchants of Paris, having twice made an attempt on her life, was sent by her husband to a private asylum for lunatics. After remaining several months, the doctors pronounced her perfectly cured, and she returned to her family. On Sunday her relations and friends were invited to a dinner, to celebrate her recovery. She took her place at the table, and did the honours with grace and propriety. On the company retiring to the drawing room, she staid behind, but joined them in a minute afterwards, in a state of violent excitement, declaring, in a tremulous voice, that in order to fulfil a prediction made to her, she had drank a quantity of liquor and was dying. She then sank senseless on an arm chair, and, although every remedy was applied, she expired in the course of the night. On examining the dining room, it was found that she had swallowed nearly an entire bottle of brandy.

JACK IN THE GREEN. Our old friends Jack in the Garden and his companions, so long the lions of the first of May in London, appear to be fallen upon gloomy days. At Hatton Garden yesterday, one William Davies, a sweep of the old school, accompanied by a tail not very inferior in number to that of the Hon. Member of Dublin, were charged by Mr. Bird, the street keeper of Bedford row, Holborn, with having assaulted him, and creating a disturbance.

Davies (in a gruff voice.) Vy, my lord, I'm a serveep; my father vas a serveep afore me, and ve alvays vas' lowed to go about in May. The beadle pushed us along, ven I sartainly did strike him, but he hit my child in its head.

Eliza Sharpe, who held a chld in her arms, said that Bird struck the child on its head with his staff, and pointed out a bruise on its forehead, but she could not say that he did it wilfully. Mr. Bennett asked Bird why he used his staff?

Bird. I was obliged in self defence. They were all upon me, your worship.

Mr. Bennett. You have acted rather intemperately; you ought not to have used your staff.

Davies. Ve axed him if ve might have a dance, and vile ve ver in the reel round "Jack in the Green," he cum'd and turn'd us vay for nuffen votsomdever; there are some of these ere chaps vot goes about vot are not serveeps (pulling up his trousers) but if yer Vorship vants to be satisfied on that ere subject, only looks at my knees (showing large corns on his knee pans.) I assures yer Vorship ve are reg'lar flue-flakers, and I've been up the smallest flues in the country. I was born a serveep, I've lived a serveep, and I'll die a serveep. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate said the conduct of the defendants was certainly irregular, but admitted some excuse on the ground of the antiquity of the custom. The defendants were therefore discharged. Jack popped into his green, and danced Sir Roger de Coverly opposite the office in the liveliest style. London Paper.

A SUBSTANTIAL COMPLIMENT.—A substantial compliment was paid to Mrs. Edward Knight, the distinguished vocalist, at her recent benefit at Vicksburg, Miss. She was requested to sing the Vicksburg Volunteer Banner Song. The Vicksburg corps were invited to attend the theatre. When the moment for the favorite song arrived, seven of the piincipal officers came on the stage; one standing in the middle and holding a banner, with three on each side of the stage. When the song was concluded, one of the officers advanced, and placed a wreath on the head of the fair vocalist. The song was encored amidst loud cheering. But the most substantial part of the compliment was that among the leaves of the wreath several hundred dollar notes were found. Philadelphia Inquirer.

JOSE MARIA, THE CELEBRATED SPANISH BANDIT.

Spain, Italy, and Bohemia, have always been noted for banditti; forests and mountains are alike the homes of the free and the freebooter; all are picturesque enough. Salvator Rosa, Byron, and Mrs. Radcliffe, have given all the charm of the arts; the corsair and the bandit appear to our youthful imagination, with a grace that is

"Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

They all, to our mind's eye, wear cloaks which fold round them, a hat "heavy with sable plumes;" they are pale, and have an air of gentlemanlike melancholy. I cannot state that my only acquaintance in that line had any of these attributes. To be sure he had forsworn the wild wood, and taken service with the King.—Jose Maria, the fame of whose exploits will long linger in the ballads of a summer's evening, and the stories of the circle gathered round the hearth in the *possada,* was the guard under whose escort we were travelling. Nearly three hundred miles of country were placed in his charge to keep free from robbers, and such was the terror of his name that he pretty well succeeded in doing it. He was a little man, with small, almost feminine features; by the by, his hands and feet were singularly small; and unlike the rest of his countrymen, he was silent, and used no gesticulation when talking. His look was generally down-cast, and peculiarly long eye-lashes almost hid his eyes; but when he did raise them they were something to see. The boldest might have quailed before the cold, cruel determination of tnat glance. There was "the power to do, the will to dare." It knew neither pity nor obstacles; nothing came between it and its purpose. Generally speaking, he seemed to observe little of what was going on, but every now and then he sent round a quick cat-like glike glance, from his eye-lashes, which, as it were, swept round, and discerned every thing at a look.

It was curious to note the entire submission of the five or six fellows who formed the remainder of our escort. Bold they were, and spirited, but they fairly cowered before him. At night, when the hour was somewhat advanced, they sent in a petition for more wine. We, who were in an adjacent apartment, could hear that they had arrived at that state of noisiness, when the coming events of quarrelling cast their shadows before. My companion turned to Jose Maria, and asked him if he did not think that they had already had wine enough. Jose Maria took the cigar from his mouth, which he bad been silently smoking. "They are to have no more wine, let them go to bed," and beckoning back the messenger, "held him with his glittering eye" while he added in a low careless tone, "tell them Jose Maria says so." Talk of the magic of a look! I own that I, myself, fairly started in my saddle the first time that I saw it. The man retreated positively quite pale, and in five minutes every sound was hushed; all obeyed his injunction literally, and went to bed. Generally speaking, through our whole journey, we supped with the other travellers in the inn kitchen—and the Spanish inn kitchen is still what it was in Don Qvixott's time, the centre and bustle of news. It is usually a large irregular raom, the rafters of the nnceilinged roof blackened with smoke, as are the walls. The lamp swings in the middle, the clay burners of a very graceful shape, just the old simple Greek. Benches, stools, and one or two old arm chairs are scattered about, but all with an inclination to the huge chimney. On the hearth burns an immense wood fire, over which is hung a vast iron pot, in which is stewing the genreal supper. It instantly recalls to mind the iron pot from which the cook fished up a pullet wherewith to stay Sancho's appetite, at the wedding of Camacho the rich. This is emptied smoking hot on a dish, from which every one has his portion. The business of the supper over, the amusements of the eveng commence. Nothing can be more striking than the various groups. There is the *cura* come to collect his daily pittance of news; old grey peasants, every head a picture; some two or three friars, with the ample folds of monkish garment—the muleteer, even browner than his companions, by coustant exposure to the weather—the dashing contrabandist, with his scarlet tags and brown jacket covered with rows of shining buttons—all these form a picturesque whole, eqnally new and attractive to the English observer. A kind of concert soon begins—some one or the other has a guitar, and this is accompanied by two wooden spoons placed on the knee, and played like castanets, with a wonderfully accurate ear for time. Some sing, almost all join in chorus, and the damsel of the Inn, conscious of a tightly laced jacket, and a neat foot and ancle, gets up and dances a bolero. What a contrast do the indolent, enjoying people of the south, form to our business seeking and discontented nation! But exertion grows out of want—we need so much more, our wishes lie farther off. It is impossible to give a taste for luxury to a nation, whose greatest luxuries are so much within their reach. Give a Spaniard sunshine, sleep and cold water, and life has little left to offer.

Jose Maria had originally been a peasant, and rage roused him from his indolence. He was taunted and insulted by a huge, tall, huge fellow, double his size. They agreed to meet and fight it out after the fashion peculiar to the lower class of Spaniards. They twist their cloak round the left arm, that they always wear in the right hand, and cut away at each other. But as they proceeded to the place of action, Jose Maria had time to consider that he stood no chance against his gigantic and practised antagonist. To make things sure, he stabbed him to the heart od the way. This act obtained for him a soubriquet, idiomatic and untranslatable, signifying the ready little fellow, or one that is never taken by surprise. After this he fled from nis nativa village, and took to the *campo,* a Spanish term for a highwayman. For years his exploits had made him a terror to the country. At length he was pardoned, taken into the service of the government, and, as I have before stated, a large extent of country committed to his charge. In this situation, his daring courage, his presence of mind, and his fertility of resource, were as conspicuous as ever. Indeed, Jose Maria was one of those extraordinary men who require nothing but a spere for action. Any warlike monarch minht have asked,

"What lacks that knave,
That a King should have?"

for he had all those qualities that compel seccess, and insure command. No man better knew the value of fear. He inspised and trusted to it. At last, after the district had been kept completely free of their kind, four robbers resolved on an atsempt. They met one night at a lonely farm house, near a chesnut wood, which they thought would serve as a tetreat. While they were deliberating, a scout ran in to say that there was a little down looking man slowly riding towards the house. "It is Jose Maria," and flight or submission was the order of the night. But one robber, bolder than the rest, ordered the gates of the court-yard to be closed, and the rest to be left to him. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before a horseman rode up to the door, and rapping loudly, demanded admission: "Open," said the well known voice of command, "to Jose Maria." According to his old custom of facing all dangers single handed, he always rose first, leaving the men under his command just within call. All within fell back at the name, the landlord, pale and trembling, opened the gates, and Jose Maria galloped in. But the robber who had ordered them to be closed, had stationed himself behind them with a loaded carbine. He fired and lodged the contents in Jose Maria's heart. He made one bound fram his saddle, and fell from his horse a corpse. So terminated the career of a man who wanted only a few fortunate incidents to have been considered a hero.

IMPORTANT TO LOVER'S.

The author of "The Doctor," a recent work, thus discourses upon the amorous era of a man's life:—

"A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident—perhaps and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously; miserably, and ruinously. Many marriages are of this running sort and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to—I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale: for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so; but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel. Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English poets:—

Ah! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed—yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when tears began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumptions and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

An action of *crim. con.*, we understand has been commenced against a Noble Lord not very low in the Administration, for being *Norty* with a lady highly distinguished in the fashionable circles for her literary acquirements.

ITEMS FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

The most Noble the Marquis of Waterford has been *up* at the bar of the Bow-street Police office. He was booked, (when found dead drunk in the street) as Peter Simkins, and nearly £60 was found on him. The magistrate fined him a crown for drunkenness, gave him back his cash, and let him away.

The favorite exhibition here (London) is that of a party of Bedouin Arabs (3 men and a boy) at the Colosseum. They actually seem as if they had no bones—they bend and twist like serpents. They take a run, fling themselves round in the air, pick up a gun from the ground, and fire it off before they return to *terra firma.* The whole four form a monument—standing man upon man, and the boy at the summit. They are visited by thousands.

Dr. Crotch's oratorio of the "Captivity of Judah" (first performed before the Duke of Wellington, at the Oxford installation) was produced by Mr. Vaughan, before a London audience, on Monday night and—failed! It is not one half as good as "Palestine" by the same composer.

The Marquis of Anglesea is about giving a sumptuous dinner, on Tuesday, to the Prince of Orange, the Russian Ambasador, the Ministry, and the corps diplomatique. This will be in honor of the Prince. On Tuesday last the Russian Ambassador gave a similar *feed* to his Royal Highness, two sons, half a dozen other princes, and some of the English nobiltty. Lords Holland and Palmerston were the only members of the Government present. Lord Melbourne *would* not and Lord Lansdowne (having a party at his own house) *could* not come. There appears no foundation for the report that the visit of the Prince of Orange was for a political or matrimonial purpose.

Power took his farewell benefit at Covent Garden, on Tuesday: he appeared as *Captain O'More* in a petite comedy, from his own pen, callled *Etiquette, or a Wife for a blunder.* 'Tis a slight piece, but Power's acting carried it through with success. Of course, it is full of blunders and blarney and brogue.

Othello Travestied draws, pretty well, at the New Strand Theatre. Hammond is the Nigger and Miss Daly Mrs. Othello. Jerrold has not acted lately.

An amateur named Paumier gave Bunn 200*l* to let him play *Hamlet* at Drury Lane—he did play it, and pretty well, too. His next attempt will be *Richard III.*

Balfe's new opera, *The Maid of Artois*, will be produced, on Friday, at Drury Lane. Malibran, as the heroine, of course. Malibran fills the theatre every night she performs.

At the St. James' street Theatre a new actor (M. l'Herie) has appeared. He is a comedian—a sort of French Farren, and a very clever actor.

The drawings of Titian and Albert Durer form the 8th Exhibition of the Lawrence collection. There are three original studies of Titian's *chéf-d'œuvre*, the St. Peter Martyr—a miniature drawing of his famous Venus—and Crayon-heads of himself and Mistress. These are the gems of the collection. Albert Durer's drawings are chiefly distinguishable for their elaborate accuracy. The next exhibition (Lawrence) will include 100 drawings by Raffaelle.

Government, I am told, will purchase (for the National Gallery) the drawings by Da Vinci—including the Cartoon heads for the Last Supper—the Raffaelles, and the Michael Angelo's.

The observed of all observers, at the Court of Berlin, are the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Nemours. They are wife-hunting, and have been feted, and feasted as if Louis Phillipe were one of the

"Regular Dei Gratia blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets."

At De Beriot's concert, June 9, Malibran and Grisi are announced to sing together—first time this season—"only time" says the *annonce.* They will give Mercadante's grand duet, *Vanne se Alberghi*, (from the Andrinoco) and with Miss Trotter, Cimarosa's terzetto, "*Le faccio un inchino.*" This will be a treat.

We hear that Bunn and Macready have made friends—*it is untrue.* Bunn and H. Phillips are at loggerheads. On Monday night, after *La Sonnambula* had been played, Mr. Cooper (the stage manager) came forward to state that Phillips refused to appear as *Captain Ankarstrom*, the stipulation in his agreement being that he should not appear in two pieces on the same night. Bunn says he must appear a dozen times, if *he* (the crusty) demands it. Seguin came on for Ankerstrom.

EPSOM RACES.

[We were obliged to omit the races of Tuesday and Wednesday, for want of room in our last paper.]

TUESDAY, MAY 17.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs each; three yrs old, 6st; four, 8st; five, 8st 9lb; six, 9st 21lb; aged, 9st 5lb. Last mile and a quarter. 11 Subs.

Sir L. Glyn's ch c *Recruit*, 3 yrs......Reeves 1
Sir G. Heathcote's ch g *Valentissimo*, 4 yrs...... 2

The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Armitage's b h Peter Simple, 5 yrs; Lord Chesterfield's b c Weighton, 3 yrs; Mr. Thornhill's ch c Mendizabal, 3 yrs; Mr. Osbaldiston's ch c Whitefoot, 5 yrs; Lord Egremont's b c by Chateau Margaux, out of Sessions, 3 yrs; Mr. Forth's ch c Knobstick, 4 years.

Betting—5 to 2 agst Weighton, 3 to 1 agst Valentissimo, 3 to 1 agst Knobstick, 8 to 1 agst Mendizabal, 10 to 1 agst c by Chateau Mardeaux, and 10 to 1 agst Resruit. Whitefoot took the lead at a good pace, followed by Peter Simple, Recruit, Weighton, Mendizabal, and Lord Egremont's c lying next; Valentissimo and Knobstick in the rear until near the turn, where the former joined the front rank. On getting into straight running Whitefoot resigned the lead to Recruit, Valentissimo lying at his haunches, where he challenged, but after a fine race was defeated by a neck; Weighton ran in third by half a length, Mendizabal, Knobstick, and Peter Simple next (well up), and lastly the Sessions colt and Whitefoot, who were beaten off before they reached the Stand.

The Seirles Stakes of 25 sovs each, for three old; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb. One mile. 9 Subs.

Mr. Phillemore's b f *Lady Anna*, by Camel......Connolly 1
Mr. E. Peel's br c *Morison*, by Columbus or Tramp...... 2
Mr. Lucas' gr c *Tell-tale*, by Swap—Tittle-Tattle...... 3
Sir G. Heathcote's ch c *Willesden*, by Velocipede...... 4

Betting—2 to 1 on Tell-Tale, who had previously proved successful in four or five races, in one of which (as a two-year old) he had beaten Lady Anna, and at Warwick Spring Meeting obtained a similar triumph over Morrison. Tell-tale set off in front, Morison lying second till they came round the turn, where Lady Anna took his place; ar the distance she headed Tell-tale, and was immediately after collared by Morison, who ran her home to a head; Tell-tale was a good third, but Willesden never got up.

Mr. Gardner's ch c *Idiot*, by Bedlamite out of Pincushion, received forfeit from Lord Conyngham's b c *The Vivande*, by Reveller, in a match for 100 sovs, h ft, 8st 4lb each; three quarters of a mile.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 20 ft, for two years old; colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 5lb. T. Y. C. 4 Subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Lupus*, by Laurel......Buckle 1
Mr. Harrison's c by Albany—Agnes, by President...... 2

No Betting.—The pace scarcely amounted to a canter, till they re ched Tattenham-corner, where Lupus made running at a strong pace, and won by three parts of a length. The Albany colt appeared to have a chance a few strides from home, but stopped short, and the winner was very near tumbling down about two lengths from the chair.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 10 added, if not walked over for; for three years old and upwards. Last mile.

Mr. Shelly's b f *Airy*, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb......Chapple 1
Mr. Gardnor's *Ethilda*, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb...... 2
Lord Lichfield's ch c *Arbaces*, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb...... 3
Mr. Forth's b f by Albany, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb...... 4

Betting—2 to 1 agst Ethilda (taken), 5 to 2 agst Arbaces (taken) and 8 to 1 against Airy.

The two light weights cut out the work round the turn, where the lot joined company, and ran together to near the stand; here Airy came out followed by Ethilda, continued in front to the end, and won cleverly by a length. Arbaces and Forth's beaten off.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10—The Woodcot Stakes of 30 sovs each, h ft for two yrs old colts, 8st 6lb; and fillies, 8st 3lb. Last half mile. 5 Subs.

Captain Williamson's b c by Cadland, out of Edith......Mann 1
Mr. Montague's br c by Jerry, out of Butterfly's dam...... 2
Mr. Ash's b f by Theodore, out of Christine...... 3
Mr. Farrall's br c by The Colonel, out of Pinions...... 4

The Gold Cup Stakes of 10 sovs each, 20 added, for 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb; four, 8st; five, 8st 10lb; six, 9st; and aged, 9st 21lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two miles. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes, to carry 3lb; of two 5lb; of more, 7lb extra. The winner to be sold for 400 sovereigns if demanded.—13 Subs.

Mr. Forth's *Knobstick*, 4 yrs old......Connolly 1
Col. Peel's ch c *Jacob Faithful*, 3 yrs...... 2
Duke of Richmond's *Pussy*, 5 yrs...... 3

The following also started, but were not placed: Mr. Edward's Sherry, 3 yrs; Lord Chesterfield's Oberon; Duke of Richmond's Tiber, 4 yrs; and Mr. Dawson's Morpeth, 5 yrs.

The Elwell Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; three yrs old, 7st; four, 8st; five, 8st 9lb; six and aged, 8st 12lb. A winner at any time (matches excepted) to carry for twice, 3lb; thrice, 5lb; four times and above, 7lb extra. Mares and geldings allowed 4lb, and horses that have started four times and not won allowed 3lb. Last half mile. 10 Subs.

Col. Peel's b. m. *Rosalie*, 5 yrs......Pavis 1
Mr. Gardnor's b c *Skirmisher*, 3 yrs...... 2

The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Day's b c Foozool, 3 yrs; Mr. Thornhill's b c Ermine, 3 yrs; Mr. Greatrex's ch f by The Colonel, out of Shortwaist, 3 yrs; Mr. E. Peel's ch g Whimsical (late Buccaneer), 5 yrs; Lord Egremont's br c by Chateau Margeaux, out of Sessions, 3 yrs; Mr. Forth's br c by Albany, out of Gale Middleton's dam, 3 yrs; and Mr. Kent's b c Swallow, 3 years.

The Epsom Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Mile heats. 7 Subs.

Lord Chesterfield's f by Emilius, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb......Rogers	1	5	1
Mr. Pettit's b c *Menas*, 3 yrs, 7st	2	1	2
Mr. Wickham's b h *Pincher*, 5 yrs, 9st	5	2	3
Lord Exeter's ch f *Lady Ann*, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	4	3	4
Mr. Pearce's ch m *Brandy Ann*, aged, 8st 13lb	3	4	dr.

The first and second heats were very severely contested between the first two horses, and won by a neck only; the third was won cleverly. Lord Chesterfield's mare was the favorite even after the first heat.

Betting at Manchester.—The next poiut in importance, is the Handicap for our Tradesmen's Cup, over Kersal-Moor, on Friday next. The horses that have declared forfeit, are, Catharine, Intruder, Lady de Gros, Estafette, Rosina, Master Christopher, Trafick, and Humphrey, leaving a good field of fifteen. In consequence of a rumor having obtained circulation, that Inheritor was not intended to run here, as much as 10 to 1 was freely offered against him, at the early part of the week; but upon the acceptance being made known, his friends gained confidence, and brought him up several points; some doubt still remaining as to whether the course may be in order to suit him, he has scarcely been supported as freely as Red Rover, who is considered a sure runner. The Count, The Stag, Lady Moore Carew, and several others, also meet with friends at their respective quotations. Upon the other events of the week there is nothing doing at present. Mr. Mostyn's Trapball has been in great request for the Doncaster St. Leger, since the Liverpool Meeting.—The present odds are:—

MANCHESTER TRADES' CUP, P. P.

7 to 1 agst Red Rover (taken)	9 to 1 agst Lady M. Carew.
4 to 1 agst Inheritor (taken)	10 to 1 agst Vestment.
7 to 1 agst The Stag (taken)	11 to 1 agst Lucy.
8 to agst The Count (taken)	12 to 1 agst Resurrection.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Elis.	12 to 1 agst Ebberston (t)
10 to 1 agst Trapball (t. freely)	15 to 1 agst Bee's-wing (t)
10 to 1 agst Black Diamond.	

FROM A VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENT.

ALDIE, Virginia, June 16th, 1836.

DEAR SIR—From the moment of the arrest of *Robinson*, as the supposed murderer of HELEN JEWETT, up to the period of his acquittal by a jury of his country, public sympathy was strong in his behalf. Why was it so? The accused was a young man, who had through life sustained an unimpeachable character—his connexions and relations persons of the highest standing in society—the crime with which he was charged was one of so foul and savage a nature, that the mind at once revolted at the idea, that a youth of nineteen could under any circumstances be led to perpetrate it.

His trial is over—the evidence has been published, and the public press have boldly spoken. Were I to point to an occasion on which the laws have been trampled under foot, and the usual forms of justice set aside, to such a degree as to endanger the well being of society, I would select the case of Robinson. A Judge forgetting his *high station*—permitting a crowd to applaud and condemn testimony as it was favorable or unfavorable to the accused—a Judge sworn faithfully and impartially to administer the laws of his country—to ferret out the guilt or innocence of every criminal, whether he be able to sport a carriage and four, or appear clothed in the meanest rags—to set at nought usages established since time immemorial, and allow only such testimony to be submitted to the jury as would go to establish the innocence of the prisoner.

The prosecution had a difficult task to perform—but even they will be censured at the hands of the public. New York has been disgraced by the transaction and henceforth will be known as the city without *laws*, or having *them*, without the possession of sufficient moral courage to enforce *them.*

The public will duly appreciate the fearlessness of the New York press. The "Sun" has spoken in a language which shows that if such things are to be, they shall at least be blazoned to the world in all their horrid deformity. Some paper has been *kind* enough to say that Robinson can now wend his way to the West. As a citizen of the West I can tell the editor of that paper we want no such cattle there, and hurl back in his teeth the foul aspersion contained in his paragraph. Had the murder of Ellen Jewett been committed in the West, the prisoner would have had a fair and impartial trial—every particle of testimony that could possibly bear on the case would have been ferreted out, and if guilty, a relationship with General Washington or the wealth of Girard could not have saved him.

You will hear divers rumors relative to the late *duel.* At the sixth fire Bynum fired before the word—it was accident—J. fired at him—B. offered to let J. have a deliberate fire—Pickens did not advance and threaten to shoot him. He had a right to do so at the time of B.'s firing. But his not availing himself of his right then, forever forfeited it. After the first or second fire men always shoot wild, if they fight about some trivial point of honor—if either have deep feelings of revenge to stimulate them, they will be nerved up. Pistols generally are charged with too much powder and consequently shoot wild—men too are not more than 6 or 7 inches through.

I shall leave tomorrow for Arkansas. For your attention in sending on odd numbers of your paper accept my thanks. Adieu. Should you ever visit Arkansas I can give you some good sport either in *Bear* or *Deer hunting.* Trusting we may some day meet, and begging to be excused for giving vent to honest feelings in relation to the late proceedings in your city, and tendering my best wishes for your prosperity, I am, in much haste, your friend, N.

PITTSBURG SPRING RACES.

Speaking of racing and blooded horses, why is it that so much foolish prejudice exists against the turf in this section of country. Are we better citizens, or better folks here, than those in New York, Washington City, Baltimore, and most of the other cities in the Union? Have Pennsylvanians, and the people of those states that forbid and discourage sports of the turf, a better system of morality than have the people of those states where such eports are enjoyed and encouraged? Not a whit better—we doubt if it be as good. The truth is, the prejudice against such sports is of all things, the most foolish. To dismiss it at once, would be telling our farmers and breeders in this section of country, thousands of dollars annually, which might be acquired by the profit of such stock over that of the common blood. Other places are awake to their own interests on this subject, and are taking all possible pains to procure the best blooded horses in the country. Allegheny county should also see to it. We have already some good horses here, and if proper encouragement be given, we cannot see why we may not have as many and as good ones too, as any other place of like population.

Pittsburgh Manufacturer.

New Arctic Expedition under Capt. Back.—In consequence of the representations of Sir John Franklin, Capt. Back and the Earl of Ripon, members of the Geographical Society, to the Lords of the Admiralty respecting a new arctic expedition, His Majesty has placed the ship Terror under the command of Capt. Back, to proceed to the Mayne river, on the western shore of North America, near Sir Thomas Ross' welcome. He is thence to cross the isthmus and proceed along Prince Regent's inlet, whence he will continue by Hecla and Fury Straits to Point Turn Again.

Performances of the Favorites for the Derby and Oaks.

THE DERBY FAVORITES.

Bay Middleton.—Won the Riddlesworth Stakes in a canter, carrying 8st 7lb, beating Emineh, 8st 4lb; Destiny, 8st efb; Babel colt, 8st 2lb, Lunacy colt, 8st 4lb; and Ermine, 8st 7lb; Walked over for the Bruton-street Stakes. Won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes by a neck, beating Elis, colt out of Camarine's dam, Calmuck, Whaley, and Muezzin; all beaten off after Elis; the pace very severe.

Mr. Wags.—Ran a good third to Elis (7lb extra) for the Criterion Stakes; Slane came in second.

Ebberston.—Won the Column stakes in a canter, carrying 8st 4lb, beating Zenaria, 8st 4lb; Babel colt, 8st 2lb; Manilla colt, 8st 7lb. Saltator, 8st 4lb; Flush filly, 8st 1lb; Ermine, 7st 7lb; and Olinda, 7st 13lb; the pace wretched. Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft; and paid for the 2000 G.'s Stakes.

Sepoy.—Received forfeit from the Duke of Portland's Souvenir colt, but has never started.

Slane.—Started for the Hopeful Stakes (won by Hoax, Alfred second,) and not placed. Started for the Clearwell stakes, and not placed. Ran Elis (7lb extra) to half a length for the Criterion Stakes; the pace good. Was beaten in a match at the Houghton Meeting, carrying 7lb 8lb, by the Darioletta colt, 8st 4lb, T. Y. C.

The Athenian.—Won the July Stakes, beating Alumnus, The Profesor, Waverer, Oberon, Corunna, Ceta, El Pastor, Menas, and filly out of Pousette, by a length; the pace average. With 9lb extra, ran Elis to a length for the Chesterfield Stakes, after an immense number of false starts; the pace good, and the race "a scramble." Won the Lavant stakes at Goodwood, with 5lb extra, beating Venison, Genista, Genappe, Ceta, Isa, and Grenoble, by two lengths. Started for the Hopeful Stakes, with 8lb, and for the Criterion, with 7lb extra, and not placed for either; pulled up lame in the last race.

Emmelina Colt.—Won a stake at Epsom October Meeting, carrying 8st 16b, beating Willisden, 8st 11lb; and Queen of Navarre, 8st 3lb.

Alfred.—Won a Sweepstakes at the first Spring Meeting last year, beating Prudence, Swallow, c. by Emilius, dam by Merlin, Solicitor, and Shamrock, by a length; pace good. Not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes. Ran Hoax to a head for the Hopeful Stakes. Not placed for the Clearwell. Ran third to Calmuck in the last Craven Meeting, giving him 7lb; Helga, 6st 12lb, second. Won a Handicap, T. Y. C., at the last First Spring Meeting, carrying 6st 9lb, beating Skim Milk, 7st 9lb; Partner, 6st 7lb; Laminary, 8st 11lb; and Genappe, 6st 4lb, easily. Ran Redshank to a length for the R. M. Plate; the colt out of Camarine's dam and several others beaten off.

Muezzin.—Won the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, carrying 8st 7lb, beating Zenana, 8st 1lb, and Tournament, 8st 2lb, by a length cleverly; the pace good. Started for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, was out-paced, pulled up, and came in last. Won the Newmarket Stakes by a neck, beating Taishteer, Post Haste, Babel colt, and Tournament; the pace good, but not first rate.

Taishteer.—Won a Sweepstakes of 50 each, beating Arbaces and Arsenic, in a canter. Ran second to Muezzin for the Newmarket Stakes.

Tipple Cider.—Won a Stake at the Bibury Meeting, beating Recruit and Madcap; and another at Stockbridge, beating Recruit and Bro. to Delight.

Weighton.—Ran Princess Victoria to a head at Prontefract.

Master of the Rolls.—Ran fourth to Jericho at the York Spring Meeting last year, Kirby's c. by Lottery being second and Worlaby Witch, third, Master of the Rolls alone carrying the full weight.

Vandenhoff.—Not placed for the Criterion. Ran third to Arsenic, 6st, for a T. Y. C. Handicap at the First Spring Meeting, carrying 6st 8lb, Spume, 8st 8lb, being second; several others not placed. Won a Sweepstakes easily in the same Meeting, beating Shamrock, Jacket, Valiant, and Calantha.

Skirmisher.—Ran third to Elis at Goodwood.

Willesden.—Beat Mr. Martyn's Manœuvre at Egham, and was beaten by the Emmelina colt at the Epsom October Meeting.

Whaley.—Ran second to Grenada and the Olympus filly for the Two-year-old Stakes at Heaton Park, and placed fifth for the 2000 Guineas Stakes.

Mendizabal, Brother to Emiliani, Delphine colt, The Cauld Lad of Hylton, (Brother to Maria) *Gladiator, Carew, Brother to St. Giles, The Drummer,* and *Foozool,* have never started.

Venison.—Ran second to the Athenian at Goodwood.

THE OAKS FAVORITES.

Fair Jane.—Ran second to Elizabeth at Catterick; several others not placed. Won at Liverpool, cleverly beating Tom Shipman, Elizabeth (amiss) Wentworth, and Nina Lassave. Ran a bad second to Bee's-wing for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Has not started this year.

Vesper.—Won a Stake at Catterick, beating Aveline, Rover, and Maro. Ran a bad second to Locomotive for the Stakes at Doncaster.

Grenada.—Won the Two-year-old Stakes at the York August Meeting, beating the Carpenter, f. by Langar, d. by Clinker, and c. by Waverly, d. by Octavian. Placed third in Locomotive's race at Doncaster, and won the Claret Stakes at Heaton Park, carrying 3lb extra, beating Whaley, Luther, Vathek, Maid of Wirral, Sam, and The Bonny Beau; had much the best of the start. Has not started this year.

Emineh.—Won a Two and Three-year-old Stake at the York August Meeting, beating The General, 3yrs, f. out of Peter Simple's dam, 2 yrs, c. out of Sister to Maria, 3 yrs, and Chottingley, 3 yrs, cleverly. Ran second to Bay Middleton for the Riddlesworth.

Promise—Won the Two-year-old Stakes at the York Spring Meeting, beating Skilful, Aveline, Wentworth, Locomotive, Jericho, f. out of Bubastes' d, and f. out of Fickle; a good race. Won at Stockton, beating f by Lottery, out of Balcine, and f by Longwaist, d by Muley. Has not started this year.

Destiny.—Ran third to Princess Victoria at Doncaster; The Bard second, and Rover fourth. Ran third for the Riddlesworth. Beat Toga by half a length in the first Spring Meeting, and again, in the same Meeting, by a head, for the 1,000 guinea stakes; Zenana third, and Marmalade, Tertia, Katherina filly, and Firefly, not placed.

Toga.—Ran a bad third to Zenana for the Buckingham Two-year-old Produce Stake, Wish being second. Not placed for the Clearwell Stakes. Beat Marmalade in a match in the last Craven Meeting, at even weights, by a length. Beaten twice by Destiny.

Marmalade.—Won a Two-year-old Plate of £50 at Newmarket, beating c by Bedlamite, out of Caccia Piatti's dam, Annaline, Ceta, Ethiopian, c out of Black Daphne, Wish, and Shamrock, by a neck. Same day, ran Elis to a length for for the Clearwell, and in the same Meeting, a respectable third to Alumnus for the Prendergast, Ellis being second. This year was beaten by Toga in a match, and not placed for the 1,000 guinea Stakes.

Skilful.—Won a stake at Malton last year, beating f out of Fickle, and f by Borodino. Ran second to Promise at York. Has not started since.

Cyprian.—Ran third to Florentia at Northallerton; f by Langar, out of Schoolmistress, second. Won a stake at the last Catterick, beating Aveline.

Muzee.—Ran fourth for the Nursery Stakes, beaten in a match by the Glama in the Craven Meeting, receiving 16lb, and not placed in the Handicap won by Arsenic.

Zenana.—Won the Buckenham Produce Stakes in the first October Meeting, beating Wish and Toga cleverly; and ran fourth for the Prendergast Stake.—Ran second by a length to Muezzin for the Monday's Riddlesworth, a bad second to Ebberston for the Column Stakes, at even weights, and a moderate third to Destiny for the 1,000 guineas Stakes.

Esmeralda, Minna, and Shortwaist Fillies, have not started.

Bell's Life in London, May 15.

Rumours were rife in the sporting circles on Friday evening that Ebberston (Mr. Osbaldiston's horse) was not "up to the mark," and his backers have in consequence taken alarm. As we shall visit Epsom before the publication of our "Town Edition," we shall know more of the matter. There is no doubt he is strongly opposed in the Money Market by some influential.

Our return from York will show how successful the inhabitants have been in smothering these races—only two days' sport, and not sixpence of public money! It is sheer folly to continue them.

The following horses from John Day's have reached Epsom in addition to those mentioned in our last:—The Drummer, Recruit, Foozool, Venison, (all in the Derby) and Advocate.

The first number of Messrs. Fuller's new work, "Portraits of celebrated thorough bred Stalions," is just out. It consists of a most admirable likeness of Whisker, from a painting of Herring's, with his pedigree, performances, list of his stock and their winnings. The style in which it is got up, and the small price at which it is published, cannot fail to ensure a large sale: it ought to be found in the portfolio of every one who professes to be a lover of the turf, or of the fine arts.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—In the present dearth of sporting intelligence in our county (St. Andrew's) we have to record the fate of a match which came off at the Spring Meeting at Durdem race-course on Tuesday week, between two quadrupeds, whose feats are seldom to be found made mention of in "The Racing Calendar," or to furnish an opportunity for the high arbitration of the Jockey Club.—We allude to those patient and demure drudges, denominated donkeys. Two neighboring farmers in this parish, "wot owned" such animals, both famous for their exploits, brought their prowess to the trial by a match for a rump and dozen, gentlemen riders, spur in hand or heel, one mile and a distance. A numerous attendance mustered to see the sport, and bright eyes of ladies fair shone on the field. The betting was on the Jack of Diamonds, for so was the favorite yclept, while the other, of the gentle sex, rejoiced in the regal name of the Queen of Trumps; but the "knowing ones" were done, for, after a severe contest, the umpires declared the Queen the victor by about a length, after a race such has never been seen or heard of since the days of Anster Fair. We understand the disappointed owner Jack of Diamonds attributes his defeat to want of condition, and has challenged the Queen to a second encounter at an Autumn Meeting.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles has been performing, with great success, some of his favorite characters at the Garrick theatre.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1836.

Locomotive against the World.

During the prevalence of the severe storm last week, in this vicinity, a tree, bordering upon the Patterson Railroad, was struck with lightning, and the iron rails, acting as conductors, the electric fluid passed from the tree to them, and started off in the direction of New-York, on the *real* "thunder-and-lightning principle." The Locomotive was approaching at the rate of nearly 20 miles an hour, and in sight of the tree when struck. Then commenced a race that would have beat Flying Childers "all to pieces." The engineer finding Lightning would not hold up and take a fair start, put on the steam and set to work on Locomotive like a knowing one. The odds 2 to 1 on Lightning, who had the foot of Locomotive, though many relying on the latter's bottom, took the long odds. Lightning's stock is well known for speed, being by imported Jupiter, (who beat the Titans [*tight 'uns* themselves,] and all the "cracks" of his day,) out of Sky, also the dam of Rain, Snow, and Hail, all fast goers. For the 1st three miles, Lightning had it all his own way, but he then looked so much like bolting, as he passed a bridge, that he fell back a point in the betting; Locomotive having got warm, began to increase his stride. The pace grew killing, Lightning going at ease, while heels and hands were busy with Locomotive. Lightning had the advantage in the start, and having got the track, seemed determined to keep it. As they neared Jersey City, Locomotive was let out to the last link, but 'twas "no go," Lightning being whipped up to the work: every body knows nothing an put up any of that breed in a brush. The jockey on Locomotive got all he knew out of his nag, but was declared distanced on coming out at Jersey City. However, Lightning being "no where" at the finish, and having failed to bring full weight to the scales, Locomotive took the stakes, and as the bets follow the stakes, Lightning's backers must have been "done brown!"

After the *heat* Locomotive appeared distressed, and it was more than suspected that in the absence of the owners, some of the grooms had given him a pail of water before the start. Locomotive is nothing but a good one; the pace was bang-up throughout, and nothing but undoubted bottom, and thorough game had a chance for the money. We are glad to hear Locomotive cooled off finely, and the following morning was as fine as silk—in tip top condition.

Postscript! We stop the press to announce that the owners of *Locomotive* will run a match, sixty miles and repeat, carrying 114 tons, against *Post Boy* or *Bascomb*, for $5000 aside, play or pay!

They are also open to a match, mile heats, *in harness*, for any sum not exceeding in amount the People's money locked up in the Pet Banks, with *Sea Serpent*, the Down East champion, who will please to intimate his acceptance of this challenge by—eating the bearer!

N. B.—"Brought by our Express!" "No other paper has the news!"

SCRAPS, FACTS, AND ODDITIES.

Mr. N. P. Willis and lady were among the passengers in the packet ship Sampson, from London. One of the penny papers—the Herald—states that this gentleman contemplates the publication of a new periodical in this city, on his return from Boston. This is a mistake—Mr. Willis is interested only in the New York Mirror, and will write for *no other American work*—"PRESENT COMPANY excepted"!!!

One of our correspondents thinks the Hudson about West Point is so *serpentine* that it must be a nation fine place for water-snakes.

Rural Sights about New York.—Boys stoning frogs—a girl wringing out clothes on the bank of some creek, with a large brass kettle suspended on a pole placed across two crotched sticks—an old cock farmer on his "*mere*" with an empty jug in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other—a licensed (to sell liquor) grocery in the distance.

"Rents *are* rising, and no mistake," said a fellow in Broadway yesterday, who trod on a piece of orange peel and came down with a *swelch* hard enough to split the flag stone, thereby tearing his inexpressible unmentionables from heel to waistband.

We heard a fellow complaining lately that some scamp at the steamboat office wrote "*stationary*" on a bundle of his, and the consequence was it remained stationary there so long he was obliged to advertise it as lost.

The country about New Orleans has at length became so generally healthy at this season of the year that ten men run away where one dies.

Very like "*A Joe!*"—In a postscript to a note we received yesterday the writer begs we will excuse the spelling, as it was written by candle-light!

The Indiana Spy says that "whilst Gen. ——— was fighting the battles of his country, and pursuing its enemies through swamps and morasses, —— —— was

"Capering in a woman's chamber
To the lascivious pleasings of a jews harp."

Quite an original reading of Shakspeare, which Prentice of the Louisville Journal illustrates thus: "Aye—and wasn't he *caught* in the aforesaid chamber, and made to dance to the pleasant ticklings of a *horse whip?*"

We have a subscriber so far up the Missouri river he says he is 60 miles from Franklin and 200 from any where else!

Miss Eveline Cowan, whose debut at Niblo's Garden as a vocalist, has been a general theme of remark, is exciting quite a sensation by the exercise of her abilities.

Dowton, Mason and Placide have taken benefits at the *Park* since our last.—The first was good, the second better, and the last best.

At the *Bowery*, a new piece called *Santa Anna*, has been produced, wherein himself and officers are fully requited for the massacre of the Alamo, by being murdered in cold blood night after night.

Wm. Sefton, they say, has dramatised the Helen Jewett tregedy, under the name of the Mysterious Murder, for the *Franklin*. The audiences at this house and the Bowery may now "sup full of horrors."

The business is said to be very fair at Mrs. Hamblin's theatre.

N. M. Ludlow, Esq., co-manager with our old friend Sol. Smith, Esq., of the Mobile and St. Louis Theatres, is in town, at the Astor House. A few *clever* people may hear of situations by immediate application after Tuesday next.

Edwin Forrest has arrived at Paris after a prolonged tour throughout Europe, and may be expected home immediately. From Macready's having left Drury Lane, the probability that he may be induced to appear there before his return, is sensibly increased.

Celeste commences an engagement at the Chesnut st. Theatre on Monday evening. It is said she will "rusticate" for a couple of months, and then leave for England.

We learn that Mr. Ward has engaged Mr. Dowton and Miss Phillips, in addition to his former list of "Stars," for the Canadas.

A Georgia Correspondent writes that Mr. Hart's Company is playing to $120 per night, at Macon. Mrs. Hart sent $30 to ths Augusta Volunteers. Miss Charlotte Barnes was also a contributor.

Mrs. Pritchard had a great benefit at Buffalo last week, when she was presented with a wreath. No loose $100 notes in it though. It takes the Lynchers of Vicksburg to go that figure. J. R. Scott is engaged, with Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, at Buffalo, where McKinney is doing a fine business.

Bannister has written a Tragedy for Parsons, entitled *Gaulantus, the last of the Gauls*, with which the latter is astonishing the naves at Cincinnati.

The Herald nominates Gen. Houston for President. Bennett has not yet determined whether *Oseola* or himself is to be Vice.

Mr. Ward's Canadian Company, consists of Mesdames Hughes, Rogers, Lewellen, and Knight, and the following gents: Messrs. Lewellen, Rogers, Knight, Eberle, Weston, Garner, Huntley, Hodges, and Raffile.

The Transcript and Herald are hard at word on the question whether or not Mr. Thorne is entitled to the freedom the city, he being a gentleman of fortune and leisure. No doubt the gentleman is immensely interested in their decision.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Vos is *not* re-engaged next season at Mobile. Report says she is "engaged" to fulfil more pleasurable duties. She will be a loss to the profession.

Five of our most eminent dramatic writers are engaged upon original tragedies. Miss Clifton and Mr. Wallack have offered $1000 each, for one suited to their capacities—Miss C's. to be sent in by the 1st of Dec.

We have received complaints, within a few days past, from a number of gentlemen in Mississippi, of the non-arrival of our paper. One certainly, if not two of the letters of our agent, never came to hand. Though application has since been made to him to forward again the names of subscribers sent by the lost letter, such is the difficulty of communicating with a *travelling* agent at so great a distance from us, that we would beg those gentlemen who have not yet received our paper, for which they subscribed and paid, to inform us by mail, and a file will be forwarded to them as complete as we can make it.

The Hudsons, of the Merchants' News Room, and Brooks, late of the Portland Advertiser, and its foreign correspondent, propose establishing a new daily morning paper in this city, of the largest class. What's to become of the ———, and the ———, and the ———, to say nothing of the new paper? They cannot *all* make money.

Wonderful presence of mind!—One of the penny papers states that an accident which befel a portion of the machinery of the steamer *Union*, caused great consternation on board among some of the females, but that owing to the unparalleled presence of mind in the Captain, who cried out "No danger," before he was aware of the accident, their alarm was appeased! Prodigious!

We understand from intimate friends of the Woods that they positively return in the fall season. As nothing has occured that should interrupt the good feeling existing between Mrs. Wood and the Park audience, and as Mr. Wood by a full explanation of, and apology for his "sayings and doings," may ultimately reinstate himself upon the boards of Old Drury, we shall not be at all surprised to see them here again.

We alluded a few weeks since to the manner of Mr. Wood's leaving New-York, and speak of it now to state that his motive for not going aboard the packet until after she was fairly at sea, arose from the fact that he was under apprehension of arrest or at least of detention.

The Traveller's Guide, through the State of New-York, Canada, &c., with correct maps, 1836. Disturnell, 156 Broadway, New-York.

A very convenient and pretty pocket guide, which should be in the hands of every traveller. It is handsomely illustrated with engravings, and contains a variety of useful statistical information.

Frank; A Tale for Boys, by Maria Edgeworth, 1 large vol. 12mo, with 2 plates. New-York, Harper & Brothers.

A beautiful present for a child, tastefully bound and illustrated. The three volumes which the Harpers have now issued of Mrs. Edgeworth's juvenile works;—"*Parents' Assistant*," "*Rosamond*," and "*Frank*," are the most suited to their design of any thing in the language. And such is the truth to nature with which they are written, that they may well afford amusement and instruction to minds of maturer cultivation than those for which their amiable and gifted authoress designed them.

"Pedestrian Hotel."—There's a name for a hotel, and a good one too, for it conveys the impression that the host is "not slow" in attending to the conveniences of his customers—that the waiters are "fast crabs" and not snails when their services are required, and that every thing pertaining to the establishment is conducted on the "go ahead" principle. By turning over to the last page the reader will see that our friend Stannard, the unrivalled pedestrian, has opened a fine hotel, and that by activity and prompt attention, he trusts to "walk into" the good graces of the public. There is fine fishing in the neighborhood, and Stannard occasionally *runs down a deer*, for exercise. Go and spend a week with him—he's got the homeliest dog, the fastest horse, the prettiest wife, and the surest rifle in all Connecticut, and can run longer, dive deeper, stay longer under and come out drier, than any man this side of where the sun rises.

Extract from a letter to the Editor from a distinguished Southern Turfman, dated Charleston, S. C. 11th June, 1836.

Bascomb, you may depend upon it, can only be beaten by one horse in this Country, and that is *Bill Austin*, another of Col. Crowell's nags. I dont know whether I shall be considered as telling tales out of school, but in all their private trials the latter has exhibited great superioriy. I have seen a great deal of racing in England, and witnessed many of the private trials of the best horses of that country, and state without the slightest hesitation that no horse in the world can beat Bill Austin a single dash of 4 miles. I should like to have a large sum pending on such an issue against anything in creation as they say in Kentucky.

"We are indebted to our correspondent, the *Spirit of the Times*, for a confirmation of the news of *Bascomb's* victory. The time, it will be seen, is nothing extraordinary. Is it because they have nothing at the North to put Bascomb to his speed?" Georgia Courier.

☞ The time "nothing extrordinary" was it? We wish you had seen *Post Boy* and *Mingo* do their 4th mile at Trenton the other day in 1:47! Pre-haps *that* would have hurried Bascomb. If you doubt whether the North cannot put him or any thing else to his speed, meet us here in a post stake in the Fall for $20,000,—$11,000 to $10,000 has been offered on Post Boy *and declined!*

Will Mr. Terry or the editors of the *Danville* (Va.) *Reporter* send us a duplicate copy of that paper containing the results of their Spring Races, ours not having come to hand. In their last number they make the time of Bascomb and Post Boy's 2d heat, 7:57½—just six seconds too many.

☞ A correspondent at Nashville writes us that the way they are putting on the pot in that neighborhood, *Angora* against *Rodolph*, is a small touch above the vulgar. Angora is in charge of Mr. G. B. Williams, of Gallatin—one of the best trainers in the West. The Tennesseeans must not be too "sweet" upon their horse, for we hear the Kentucky champion cuts off his miles in about 1:51 and can go that pace *all day long!* We are not sure but he is the identical Kentucky nag that goes so fast as to twitch the hair out of his tail!

"Mr. Starke is about fitting up a splendid race Course at New Orleans, where a Club is being formed with a subscription of $6000," writes one of our correspondents.

☞ A Tennessee correspondent writes that Mr. Holmes, of Murfreesboro' has a yearling Leviathan filly, out of Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson, called the *Wild Irish Girl*, that "is bound to beat" any thing North of the Cumberland river. She will have to work to earn the money.

Italian Opera in New Orleans.—It is remarkable how much men can give and do to accomplish a favorite project. The following is from a New Orleans paper:—Fears were entertained, that owing to the small support which the Opera had received this season, we should be deprived of it for the next. Several gentlemen, ascertaining that such a result would be certain unless the sum of $21,000 should be secured to the manager, by the sale of the first tier of boxes, met yesterday afternoon at the office of the proprietor of the Saint Charles street Theatre. The four stage boxes were taken for the sum of $6000, or $1500 each—eleven other boxes in the Theatre were taken for the sum of $11,000 or $1000 each making fifteen boxes out of nineteen in the first tier, that were immediately disposed of to heads of families, the remaining four we have been informed have since been sold besides a number of Parquette seats, the price of which is 100 dollars. The engagement will consist of thirty nights, and will take place during the months of December, January, February and March.

Private Theatricals are quite in vogue at Paris. At M. Le Conte De Castellane's late "dramatic soiree," [not dram-attick as *soirees* too often are with us] were among other distingues, the favorite of Lord Byron the Countess Guiccioli, also Marshal Junot's widow the Duchess of Abrantes, whose delightful memoirs all the world are familiar with, though they may be spun out rather too much "A La Blessington." Mad. Talma was also there, and Mad. Ancelot, the author's wife, (once *chere amie* of Marshal Marmont) and literati and dilletanti as thick as black berries. Mad. de Sevigne, among other notables, sustained a part in her own piece, the *Famille Normande*. Star.

Saving Bacon by Bacon.—The steamboat Georgian, which was reported as taken by the Indians, on the Chattahoochee river, succeeded in making her escape by very singular means. The small quantity of wood on board being insufficient to raise the steam with rapidity, the engineer took a quantity of bacon which was on board, and put it under the boilers, and this blazing violently, raised the steam into full power immediately.

A man in Fall River advertises a "*Smack for sale.*" It's a dead spec, my friend; decent folks can get smacks enough where they grow, you had better save yours for your wife, if you have any, and if not, you will find them very useful in getting one. Dedham Patriot

Provoking Paragraph.—A Maryland editor has been presented with a strawberry by a *young* lady, which measured *four inches* in circumference! We'll move to Maryland next week.

NORTH AND SOUTH; BASCOMB, POST BOY, &c.

Mr. Editor—From my secluded residence (a Virginia Plantation,) remote from the racing community, allow me to comment, in my humble way, upon a few paragraphs, extracts and editorial, that appeared in your paper of the 11th inst.

N. writes from Loudon county, Virginia, that he "saw at the Central, a gentleman who owns part of *Catharine Davis*, the great Tonson filly of last year," who "is anxious to enter her in a sweepstakes for 4 yrs old—2 mile heats—entrance $5000, h. f., for any thing that wears horse hide." You state, no doubt by authority,* "*Mingo* is open for a match, 2 mile heats, or a single 3 miles, against any thing in the shape of horse flesh, for $5000." I simply ask if both cannot be accommodated? Have you not some fine 4 year olds—a certain *Dr. Syntax*, if not others of Northern origin? Might not some *halfway* arrangement be made? Do try, Mr. Editor, to aid these aspirants.

You also state, "the North will name a horse, at the post, in the fall, for $20,000, against the South, four mile heats: and if *Post Boy* carried off the purse at Trenton, they may be induced to give odds." Now, Mr. Editor, as Post Boy *has* won the race at Trenton, vanquishing his only Northern rival, and "has lost *nothing* in the estimation of his friends"—I take it for granted the challenge has been formally made, and as certainly accepted.† As a Virginian, I shall be disappointed if there be any ground for refusal, even if *Bascomb* and *Bill Austin*, as well as *Trifle*, be hors de combat, and *Miss Medley* previously engaged. "The South *have* triumphed; they had skill and speed, sustained by sufficient bottom, and they won well." Because of their success, upon their opponents' own ground too, and so long as they hold the "spolia opima," the Eclipse parapharnalia, so handsomely presented by his pioneer to glory, I trust they will lay aside prudential considerations and take up the glove. But in doing so, Mr. Editor, does she not give the North great advantages? Are not all the best Southern horses, that have been tried, at this time, amiss, if it be true that *Bascomb* is curbed? Are not the advantages of a fall training on the side of the North?

Unless the superiority of Southern horses be *admitted* I cannot perceive the propriety of the North declining to meet the South on equal grounds, at some halfway Course. Are *all* "Post Boy's friends," and so many of "the Northern Turfmen engrossed with business as to render it next to impossible to leave for a length of time," sufficient to attend a meeting at Baltimore or Washington? Excepting for the grooms and horses, three or four days might answer. How much more time is required to visit Long Island from Virginia? Is time or *expense* nothing to the South? Have her Turfmen greater means; or can they leave their plantations, their collieries, their professions, and above all their families, with less inconvenience than the gentlemen of the North can separate from their pursuits? I should think not.

But where the contest is with one horse, should *Post Boy* occupy the old position of *Eclipse*, the case is different. When the first $20,000 match was made, who had ever heard of *Henry*? Non ego. He had been "beat into fits" that year, by another 3 year old. Yet but for "the lobsters," and his 4lbs extra, he would have beat Eclipse. Nothing but a clear field and a little skill was wanting.§ A renewal of the match was very properly declined.‡

If the Veteran cannot "bring spirits from the vasty deep," he knows how to find Henry's and Bascomb's. Let him present such a one at the post next autumn, and the South will look for the fulfilment of the prediction that "Post Boy will be backed with *ten times* more confidence than before."

But if Bascomb's "last race is run," and there be no renewal of the contests between the North and South, I will join with you, Mr. Editor, in giving to the generous steed all the praise he so richly merits. To have been in constant training from August to June, making lands a *thousand miles apart* the scenes of his triumphs—at 3 miles distancing *Vertumnus*, a famed son of Eclipse, and one of your crack colts for his year—shortly after, at 4 miles, and in 7m. 44s. too, distancing *Argyle*, the champion of the South, and best son of Mons. Tonson, and within six weeks thereafter, to have travelled from Georgia to New York, and at equal weights, 4 mile heats, over a heavy course, in 7m. 49s., and 7m. 51s., to have beat *Post Boy*, the champion of the North, and best son of Henry (but whether with *ease* or not, is the question) puts him at least on a par in celebrity with *Henry* and *Eclipse*, *Andrew* or *Trifle*. He and Post Boy, I am inclined to the think, are among the "few horses on the turf that *can* live at the pace of Eclipse & Henry, even in their 2d heat." Why not challenge the South for three 4 mile heats, $5000 on each, and $10,000 to the winner of either two? Then see if Post Boy or any Southern horse can "live the pace"—12 miles in 23m. 50s. *Bertrand*, the sire of Bascomb, is said to have surpassed it, in 12 miles, at 3 mile heats. Bascomb's maternal grandsire, *Pacolet*, ran 4 miles (over the Sandy Couuse at Newmarket, I think) in 7m. 50s. His next cross, *Wildair*, was also a good strain. Bertrand's dam was own sister to Gallatin, a horse of invincible speed in his day. He comes to his fame by a fair inheritance. To have beat Post Boy is fame enough. His owner, Col. Crowell, if not "the Napoleon," is the Wellington "of the turf"—he gave "the veteran" a Waterloo defeat at Augusta. Whatever be Hammond's merit, he must not say *he* "can make *Hickory John* beat *Miss Medley*." He reckons without his host; and "the gray mare may prove the better horse."

"*Andrew* ran a 1st heat of 4 miles in 7m. 50s.; and repeated in 7m. 40s. *Miss Medley* ran a 1st heat in 7m. 45s., and repeated in 7m. 44s." I will venture to say, their races were not run upon a course that was a full mile. *Betsey Ransom*, in like manner ran a 2d heat in 7m. 45s. "The next best time was *not* made by Post Poy."‖ *Janet*, own sister to Sir Charles, ran 4 miles on the Union Course in 7m. 48s. *Trifle* more than once, and a 2d heat in 7m. 49s.. The *two* cup-bearers, *Pacolet*, *Sir Hal*, *Ironette*, *Ohio*, and others in Virginia, have run 4 miles in 7m. 50s. About the same time has been made twice at Washington; and at Canton, not a full mile course, *Oscar* ran what was then called 4 miles in 7m. 40s., beating his famed Northern competitor, *First Consul*.

These reflections and reminiscences, I trust will not be taken amiss.

A SUBSCRIBER.

* Our authority was the frequent offer made by a distinguished turfman, publicly, on the Course—not from the owner of Mingo.

† The "challenge has been formally made" some twenty times, we believe, "and as certainly *not* accepted."

‡ We dissent from this. We feel confident that we should *at the present day* be sustained in our dissent by the leading turfmen of the South. At the North there has never been any difference of opinion, Eclipse being considered the best racer that ever run in America.

§ This fling comes with an ill grace from the South just at this moment, as our Correspondent would acknowledge had he heard certain banters that have been made the South since the match of last month.

‖ Yes. We referred to the time made in 1835, last year.

EPITAPH ON A SPORTSMAN.

Beneath this turf, pent in a narrow grave,
Lies a true sportsman, generous, great, and brave;
It was his principal, and greatest pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side;
Thro' woods and fields to labor, toil, and run.
In quest of game, with pointer, scrip, and gun.
His random shot was seldom known to spare,
The woodcock, pheasant, or the tim'rous hare;
Till death (that sable lurcher) lay conceal'd,
Surpris'd, and shot our hero in the field;
Then in this covert may he safely rest,
Till rous'd to join with covies of the blest!

German Duel and queer Result. A very homely looking German was in love with a beautiful lady, at whose house he was daily in the habit of visiting. Another gentleman, (a good looking person) was also enamored of this same lady, and his suit was favored, while the ugly gentleman was cast off. The latter challenged the former to mortal combat, and they met with srbres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut of, the good looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than, darting forwards with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms! Enraged at such a barbarous act, the handsome gentleman immediately disarmed his adversary, and soon dismembered his face also; but instead of crushing it to the ground, he applied it to his own countenance, where in course of time it became firmly fixed. The ugly gentleman of course had no chance of success, as the lady would not marry a man with no nose; but the other lover, as soon as his borrowed nose was in good order, again made his appearance, and asked the hand of his fair dulcinea. Her reply was, "My dear sir, *your nose is out of joint!*"

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836–7–8.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side; *Hickory John* vs. *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
ALEXANDRIA, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Cuahorna*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
CULPEPER C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
CHARLESTOWN, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
DAVISON'S COURSE,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct
FRANKLIN, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
JACKSON, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" "	Match, 1000 Yards, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shawneytown*, 4th of July.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rudolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
NEW-YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chuckfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
NASHVILE, Tenn.	Match, —— heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall of 1838.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Regular Meeting, 28th July.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

On the 150th page of to-day's paper will be found an interesting account of His Majesty's Beeeding Establishment at Hampton Court, by *Nimrod*, from the last New London Sporting Magazine. Since that article was penned, the annual sale by Messrs. Tattersall, of the yearlings bred at that establishment has taken place, and we are gratified to learn that several of the most promising are sold to this country. The kindness of a friend enables us to lay before the readers of the Spirit of the Times the price at which each foal was disposed of. Of the seven fillies offered for sale, Colonels HAMPTON and SINGLETON of South Carolina purchased five, and the former gentleman also bought a brown colt by *The Colonel*, out of *Posthuma*, (the dam of Posthaste, etc.) said to be uncommonly promising. Indeed the price would seem to indicate that he was so, having brought near 100 guineas more than any other.

His Majesty's Breeding Stud—Sale of Yearlings.

TATTERSALL'S, LONDON, *May* 16, 1836.

No.	COLTS.	Guineas.
1.	Bay, by The Colonel, out of an Arabian mare	48
2.	Brown, by Peter Lely, out of Miss O'Niel, by Camillus, out of Miss Cragie, (Birmingham's dam)	55
3.	Roan, by Sir Benjamin Backbite, out of Miss Craven	74
4.	Bay, by Bizarre, out of Young Espagnolle, (sister to Rapid Rhone)	66
5.	Brown, by Tranby, or The Colonel, out of Galatea, (the dam of Sir L. Glyn's Recruit) by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter	200
6.	Chestnut, by The Colonel, dam by Scud, out of Goosander, (the dam of Shoveller and Sailor)	165
7.	Brown, by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, (the dam of Posthaste, &c.) by Orville, [*Col. W. Hampton's* at]	320
8.	Chestnut, by The Colonel, out of Scandal, (the dam of Intriguer) by Selim, sister to Scratch and Scornful	230
9.	Bay, by The Colon l, out of Spermaceti, (the dam of Calantha) by Whalebone	105
10.	Bay, by The Colonel, out of Locket, by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul, by Sir Paul, (engaged in the 1st Spring Meeting 1838, South Audley and Produce Stakes, 100 sovs, h. ft. D. M.) with his engagement	56
11.	Chestnut, by Taurus, out of Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter	190
12.	Brown, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David	195
13.	Chestnut, by The Colonel, dam by Partisan, out Pawn, (sister to Penelope)	85
	FILLIES.	
14.	Bay, by Sultan, out of Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Moses' dam, [*Col. R. Singleton's* at]	120
15.	Bay, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta, [*Col. W. Hampton's* at]	120
16.	Chestnut, by The Colonel, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules) by Wanderer, [*Col. W. Hampton's* at]	165
17.	Chestnut, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker, [*Col. W. Hampton's* at]	190
18.	Brown, by Camel, out of Codicil, by Smolensko, out of Legacy, by Beningbrough, [Sir M. Wood's at]	300
19.	Bay, by Tranby, out of Flfrida, by Whalebone, [*Col. R. Singleton's* at]	110
20.	Bay, by Grey Comus, out of Xarifa, by Moses	52

The price at which these Yearlings were sold at auction, amounting to over *Fourteen Thousand Dollars* for 13 colts and seven filly foals, is conclusive evidence of their promise, while it is a matter perfectly notorious that for excellence of thorough bred stock, His Majesty's Stud is second to none in the world.

The esteemed correspondent from whom the above list was received informs us that Messrs. MERRITTS & Co. of Virginia, have purchased *Zinganee* and *Skylark*, and that they will soon be shipped to America.

Mr. WILLIAMSON, of N. Y., with Messrs. KIRKMAN, of Ten., PYNCHON, of Ala., CORBIN, of Va., and several other friends abroad propose to import for themselves or friends a variety of thorough bred stock this Fall. Should their selection be guided by the same judgment evinced by our Carolina friends, Mr. Tattersall may well exclaim that "the Americans are buying up the flower of English racing stock." He says of all his customers the Americans are the most difficult to please, and if they are not less particular, there will soon be nothing left worth importing.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. RACES.

MAY 20—*Second Race*, Third Day.—[Result not received when our report of the 3 first days was published.] Purse $200. Two mile heats. 4 years old, 100lbs; 3 yrs old, 86lbs.

T. J. Robinson's b c *Jim Allen*, 4 years old, by Archy of Transport, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian	1	1
Lewis Sanders' c f *Fanny Wright*, 4 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Alfred	2	2
Willa Viley's br c *Barry*, by Singleton, 3 years old, dam Maria, by Davis's Hamiltonian	3	4
W. S. Wade's b c *Duff Green*, 4 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian	4	3

Time, 4m. 7s.; 4m. 2s.

Fourth Day, *May* 21—Mile heats, 3 best in 5.

M. S. Wade's b f *Buckeye Lass*, 4 years old, by Hephestion, dam by Whip	4	1	2	2	2 dr.	
Fitch and Breckenridge's b c *Pacificator*, 3 yrs old, by Bertrand, dam by Glashum	3	4 dr.				
Thos. Scruggs' b c *Figaro*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Lovel, dam by Ogle's Oscar	1	2	1 dist.			
Willa Viley's c c *Theobolian*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Lady Gray	2	3	3	1	1	1

Time, 1m 56s; 1m 57s; 1m 57s; 1m 58s; 2m 2s; walked over.

Figaro was distanced by being thrown by *Theobolian*.

A TARLETON, *Secretary*.

Query.—If Theobolian won by foul riding, as the note above would seem to intimate, should he not have been declared distanced? On so delicate a point, the Clerk of the Course should be explicit. If no blame attaches to the winning horse, such an imputation is positively unjust. As it stands upon the record, many will be led to suppose that the winner forfeited his claim to the stakes, altho' he was placed 1st.

NASHVILLE, Tenn. RACES.

June 25, *Last Day*.—Sweepstakes, for 4 yrs olds, $200 sub. h. ft.

Gen. J. A. Mabry's gr. f. *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 97lbs	1	1
Mr. W. Boddie's gr. f. by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 97lbs	2	2
Mr. L. P. Cheatham's b, c. by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 100lbs	dist.	

Time—1st heat, 6:18—2d, 6:17. Won easily.

MOBILE, Alabama, TROTTING CLUB.

April 24, *Last Day*.—[Better late than never.] Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. S. V. V. Schuyler's br. h. *Prize*, 6 yrs old	1	1	1
Mr. M. Kyle's b. m. *Kate*, 5 yrs old	2	2	dr.
Mr. H. C. Ensign's b. h. *Dragon*	dr.		
Mr. B. Vincent's g. m. *Clara Fisher*	dr.		

Time—1st heat 3:24—2d, 3:28. Course 33 yards over a mile.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

On Thursday week last (the 16th,) came off a trotting match for $500 aside,—Ten miles, under the saddle, between

Mr. Wert's w. h. *Job Fox*, 145lbs	1
Mr. Smith's g. h. ——, 145lbs	2

Time—1st mile,	2d	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.	*Total.*
3:15	3:2	3:4	3:6	3:11	3:17	3:20	3:25	3:25	3:12	32:15.

The whole ten miles were completed in 32m. 15s. Job Fox was the favorite at 2 to 1 (Mr. Smith's horse showing symptoms of lameness before the start,) and led throughout the match by nearly 400 yards. Mr. Smith's horse lost a shoe in the 3d mile, but nevertheless persevered to the finish. The trot afforded great satisfaction, though there are several "strings" of cattle in our trotting stables that could have shortened the time reported above, by 3 or 4 minutes. We published in August last a challenge for $1000 each match, that a gentleman would trot in harness, 10 miles in 30 minutes, and 18 miles within the hour. *Of course* neither was accepted. *Dutchman*, *Fanny Pullen*, *Fire King*, and half a dozen others, can accomplish it without an effort.

TENNESSEE AGAINST KENTUCKY!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Having seen a proposition in the hands of Gen. DESHA, from the GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY, proposing a meeting between *the two States*, at Louisville, Ky., and believing that the inducements held out are not sufficient to bring the GENTLEMEN OF TENNESSEE into Kentucky, I therefore make the following propositions:—

To run a Match Race,	Three mile heats,	$2,500	against	$2000,	half forfeit.	
"	"	Two	"	2,500	"	2000, "
"	"	One	"	2,500	"	2000, "
Also, one for 3 yrs. old,	Two	"	2,500	"	2000,	"

to come off over the Nashville Course, any time between the 15th Sept. and 15th Oct., 1836—either to name at the Post, or by the 1st day of August next, leaving it to the Gentlemen of Kentucky to name the days of running. They can take any, or all of the above propositions, as they may think proper, and if the sums are not large enough, they may double them in the same proportions.

If the above Matches are not taken up, I will run on the 2d Thursday in October next, my bay filly LILAC, 4 years old, by Imported Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, against MISSLETOE, for 2,500 against 2000 dollars, half forfeit, Two mile heats.

Also, on the 1st Tuesday in October, my chestnut colt, *Hugh Lawson White*, 3 years old, by Imported Leviathan, dam by Old Conqueror, against either of the colts named in the banter made by J. K. WARD, Esq., $2,500 agst. $2000, half forfeit, (or double the amount), two mile heats; Mr. W. to name one of the colts on or before the 1st of August next. The money to be placed by the 10th August in the Union Bank of Nashville.

If this does not suit the Gentlemen of Kentucky, *will they offer me any other inducements to come to Louisville?* J. A. MABRY.

Nashville, Tenn., 8th June, 1836.

HUNTING PARK TROTTING COURSE.

JUNE 15—*First Day.*—Purse $100. Mile heats. Best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

Mr. Brown entered g g *Mount Holley*	1	1	1
Mr. Shillingsford ent'd br h *Sam Patch*	2	2	2
Mr. Whelan ent'd s m *Dusty Foot*	dist.		
Mr. Jones' *Crazy Jane*, drawn.			

Time, 1st heat, 2:49; 2d, 2:52; 3d, 2:49.

In justice to Dusty Foot, it should be observed, that her owner had driven her all the morning, and had no intention of entering her, until his arrival at the Course, when from solicitation he was induced to do so, to make a field.

Second Trot—same day.—Purse $200. Two mile heats. Under the saddle.

Mr. Harvey entered g m *Lady Washington*	1
Mr. Woodruff ent'd br g *Norman Leslie*	dis.

Time, 5:26. The New York horse the favorite at 2 to 1.

Second Day, 16*th*.—Purse $300. Three mile heats, in harness.

Columbus,	entered by	Mr. Spicer.
Sam Patch,	"	Mr. Shillingford.
Kate Kearney,	"	Mr. Hammill.
Veto,	"	Mr. Woodruff.

Immediately after—a sweepstakes of two mile heats, under the saddle—$50 entrance, $100 added by Club—three or more to make a race. U. S. Gazette.

☞ The result is not furnished by the Philadelphia papers. *Mr. Brown* has given up the Course to a Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky. RACES.

JUNE 4th—*Fourth Day.*—[Not received in season for our last.] Post Stake, $200 sub. free for all ages. Two mile heats. 3 years old, 86lbs; 4 years old, 100lbs.

E. Warfield's b f *Maid of the Meadows*, 3 years old, by Bertrand,	2	0	1
W. Viley's b c *Jim Allen*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Archy of Transport,	1	0 r. o.	
S. Burbridge's ch c by Bertrand	3	3 dr.	

Time—1st heat, 4m. 23s.; 2d, 4m. 26s. Track very heavy.

The second heat was pronounced by the Judges to be a dead heat, between Jim Allen and the Maid of the Meadows, but the former was ruled out and declared distanced, in consequence of foul riding, and the heat awarded to the latter. Mr. Burbridge's colt was then drawn, and the purse given to Dr. Warfield's filly. Reporter.

RAHWAY, N. J. RACES.

We have been called on repeatedly by the proprietor or his friends, to say something in relation to these races. First we were requested to state when they *would* come off, and then when they would *not*; but at length, after ever so many postponements, it seems they have taken place, and we are free, we trust, from any further trouble in the premises. An early report was promised for this paper, but never has come to hand, though we saw an apology for one in one of the city papers, the other day, over the proprietor's signature. There were yearling fillies in the same race with 5 year old horses, and notwithstanding most of the entries for the three days' races were aged, or 5 years old, but one of them seems to have been worthy of a name, though 10 started for the different purses. The weights carried, time, pedigree, etc. are generally omitted as matter irrelevant, and altogether the report is about as *interesting* as the racing must have been. Here's a specimen of the entries and placing on the 2 mile day, the time not declared:

"Mr. Gilderstein's c colt, 5 yrs	dist.
Mr. Brown's colt, unknown	dist.
Mr. Camp's c m by Henry	dist.

We are at no loss in assigning the cause of our not receiving an early report. The fact was, probably, the racing was so miserable, that the proprietor was ashamed to send it.

STALLION RACE.

On Thursday, February 25, 1836, a match race come off at Madisonville, Tenn. between Thomas J. Lea's b. h. *Cashier*, seven years old, by Stockholder, dam by old Pacolet; and William Ainsworth's ch. h. *Traveller*, five years old, by Arab, dam by old Conqueror; two mile heats. Both heats won by Traveller.

Time, 4:25—4m. 20s. Track deep and heavy, from recent rains.

Much interest was manifested, as it was the second match race between these two horses. Cashier's rider weighed off 128lbs. from the mud thrown on him. Traveller won in handsome style.

I was requested to time, and give the above as the result of the race.

Turf Register. J. A. MARBY, *Timer*.

OLD VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND NEW-YORK—It is time to look about you, or the sceptre will depart from *Judah*.—Messrs. Hampton and Singleton, in South Carolina—Messrs. Winters and Co. in Georgia—Jackson, Boardman, and others, in the West, have now large breeding establishments of the best blood, native and foreign—and if you do not exert yourselves, victory, like emigration, will travel to the South and West. Turf Register.

The Horse possesses an exquisite sense of smelling. He scents the approach of man at the distance of a mile and a half. His nose also detects water at a great distance. It is well known, that the caravans of Arabs, Tartars, and Mongolians, and also herdsmen in South America, take advantage of this animal's sensibility of smell, to discover unknown pools of water. Asses and mules possess the same faculty. The Jews, during their forty years' wandering in the desert, often had recourse to the instinct of these quadrupeds, when in want of water. The American horses scratch the earth with their hoofs, above the source of a hidden fountain. Magasin Universal.

The Sun announces the arrival in this city of William Phiquepoe Dessaus Pintard Viellessant et la Darismont! He is the husband of Fanny Wright.

CHARLESTOWN (Va.) RACES.

The sports over this fashionable course, which promised to be very fine, commenced on Tuesday, May 31st. The track, naturally favorable to quick time, was converted into a regular bog, by the most incessant rain within the memory of any living horse, having commenced about a week before, and continuing day and night throughout the races. It was not a meeting of the Jefferson Jockey Club, but an "*experiment*" got up by the enterprising proprietor "upon his own responsibility." The purses, tho' small, were too large for the number of spectators in attendance; but the thing had been put in print, without any *put-offs*, and a true sportsman's ardor is not to be cooled by any amonnt of water, even tho' applied externally.

FIRST DAY, May 31, 1836.—A sweepstakes for four years' old, two mile heats, 100 dollars entrance, h. f. 100lbs.

Col. W. Duvall's c. c. *Charley Scott*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention	1	1
Capt. W. Cleveland's b. f. *Delilah*, by Star, dam by Walnut	2	2
G. C. Harness' b. f. full sister to Enciero	bolted.	
J. Crane's b. g. *Col. Wiggins*, by Russell's Rattler, dam by Superior	dist.	

Time—4m. 38s.; 5m. Not so slow, considerin'.

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes, for three year olds, mile heats, 50 dollars entrance, h. f. 86lbs.

Col. Duvall's b. f. by Restless, dam by Sir Archy	1	1
Capt. Cleveland's br. c. by Truffle, dam by Rattler	2	2

Time—2m. 17s.; 2m. 20½s. Two paid forfeit.

SECOND RACE—*same day.*—The proprietor's Purse, 100 dollars, mile heats.

G. C. Harness' b. g. *Malton*, 6 yrs., by Rattler, dam Topgallant, 115lbs	2	1	1
A. Wheat's g. f. *Florinda*, sire unknown	4	2	dis.
Capt. Cleveland's b. f. *Tiney*, 3yrs, 107lbs	1	dis.	
Mr. Allen's b. h. *Plough-Boy*, 5 yrs, by Jefferson, 110lbs	3	dis.	

Time—2m. 13½s.; 2m. 18½s.; 2m. 26s.

This was a very interesting race. In the first heat, Tiney ran a quarter race against herself, and got so far ahead of the field that they could not catch her (although she was dead tired) until she passed the stand. In the second heat, Florinda made a gallant struggle; but the unmannerly Eunuch went ahead with a perfect looseness. Tiney and Plough-Boy *no where* after the first half mile. In the third heat, Florinda couldn't make Walton strike his *exercise lick*. Walton has heretofore only been known as a *harness* horse; but after this, he may always "go it" under the *saddle*, particularly when there's lots of mud.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's purse 200 dollars; two mile heats:

G. C. Harness' b h *Partnership*, 5 years old, by Star, dam by Coriander, 110lbs	1	1
Col. Duval's c h *Charley Scott*, 4 yrs old, by Charles, 100lbs	2	dis.

Time, 4m. 30s.; 4m. 25s.

At the start, Scott was the favorite; but a small *firm*, who were aware that the Star was almost brother in blood to Enciero, entered into *partnership* extensively, and tilted out their funds wherever they could find customers. We *Judge* that Scott would have done better, had he not been *unsampsoned* by his *scrimmage* with Delilah, in the two mile *mud stakes*, the first day. After the first heat, it was fifty to ten, and but one taker at that, and he going more on the *Tuckahoe* blood in his own veins, than that in the horse.

SAME DAY—*Tadpole Stakes*, for 3 years old, 86lbs, 20 dollars entrance, p. p., mile heats:

Captain Cleveland's s f *Damask*, by Paul Jones, dam by Rattler	2	2	1	1
J. Crane's s f *Betsey Wiggins*, full sister to "De Kurnel"	4	1	2	2
Wm. Moore's br f *Greasy*, by Industry, dam by Clifton	3	3	dis.	
J. C. Wiltshire's s c *Oseola*, by Paul Pry, dam unknown	1	dist.		
R. Baylor's b c *Legs*, by Byron, dam by Topgallant	5	dist.		

Time, 2m. 17s.; 2m. 22s.; 2m. 25s.; 2m. 35s.

Oseola came out first in the second heat, but was pronounced distanced, on account of foul riding. His rider was guilty of the grossest foul riding, also, in the first heat, which should have been given to Damask; but her owner declined lodging any complaint with the Judges. He is a fine colt, but was too fat to run more than three-fourths of a mile. Free Press.

A FISHING EXCURSION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—Went this week, to visit the salmon fisheries, which are upon the main gut. Three or four families reside there.—One night, as some of the people and an Indian boy were going out just at the rise of high tide, five canoes in all, to spear trout and eels, I joined them in the excursion. It employed us till an hour or two after midnight. The scene was an animated one. A brilliant moon hung over the hills, which were finely wooded, to the very cliffs and sand at the edge of the water. Bunches of birch bark were packed together, a dozen in each packet; these were stuck one at a time, as required, into a stick which was cleft at the top to let in this rude flambeau, to which a light was applied. The stick with the ignited birch bark was then put upright at the bow of the canoe; there, also, the man stood up, most insecurely balanced, as would seem, with his *nighok*, or eel-spear, a pole cleft at the bottom with a spike inserted. This, on his striking a fish of any size, would open and admit it till the spike perforated it, and then closing upon it, would press it and prevent its escape. The sandy or stony bottom of the river in the shallows—for in deep water this cannot be pursued—was seen as clearly as in the day, and every fish in it. The fish seemed at least bewildered, if not attracted by the light; and the quickness of eye, and adroitness of the man who used the nighok, impelling, as he did, the canoe with the thick end, and every now and then reversing it to strike, were surprising. He struck successively eight out of ten of each of the fish at which he aimed, and shook them off into the boat with a sudden turn of his arm, which left him at liberty to strike at two fish within a second or two. He kept his balance, also, with great niceness, when he seemed to have poised himself so far over the side of the light canoe, that he must, it seemed to me, have gone overboard, or capsized our crank bark. The light of the flambeau in the other canoes, as they came round the projecting points of leafy green; and the shade, as we again lost view of them behind the trees or rocks in the distance, was most imposing. Four hundred trout were thus speared in the canoe in which I was; some of them were of such a size, that they would have been taken, as they frequently are, in the salmon nets. In the five canoes above one thousand were taken in little more than two hours. I had the curiosity to weigh six of them, which together weighed twenty-six pounds, and had a barrel of this night's catch salted that I might take them with me to St. John's.

A boat race for $100, between the *Highlander* and *Mary Ann*, came off on Saturday afternoon last, in the presence of an immense number of spectators.—At 4 o'clock P. M., the boats, which were rowed by two men each, started from Whitehall, to proceed round Governor's Island, and return, the distance about three miles, which was accomplished by the Highlander in twenty-one minutes, beating the Mary Ann by only twenty yards. N. York Transcript.

PARIS RACES.—The scene at the late races was very gay. Many of the English nobility and ladies were there. Lord Henry Seymour's Moretto, out of Cobweb by Sultan, walked over the course without a competitor and took the Orleans prize, 3000 frs. The Ladies' prize 3000 frs. was taken by the celebrated Miss Annetto, belonging to the same nobleman.

Col. Brack, of the English army, is an inventer of a new method of shoeing horses by throwing them, and thus dispensing with any cruelty. The plan has been adopted by the Duke of Orleans, who lately had a veterinary major sent over from England to his royal highness' stables, to perform the experiment on a spirited English steed belonging to that prince. The minister of war has accordingly reported favorably upon the mode and will introduce it into the cavalry. Correspondent of the Star.

A Fishing Club, with privilege to fish within 10 leagues of Paris, and to possess a library on angling, is about to be established at Paris.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—William Ratlin Arnold, a shoemaker, at Littlehampton, England, lately ran for a wager of ten sovereigns, six miles in thirty-five minutes, which was one minute within the time. We should have thought the sedentary habits of that profession almost deprived them of the use of their legs.

A MIGHTY SMART CAT.—A correspondent says that, "a few weeks ago, a cat owned by Mr. L. Griggs, of Fayston, in one night caught 34 mice! By some means poor puss was fastened out of doors on a cold night, and was obliged to work or freeze; so she fell foul of the little victims, piled thirty-four in a heap on the door step, and at dawn was found lying among the dead "spoils," "composed and calm as a "summer's morning." Nothing equals this but Davy Crockett's story of climbing a hundred foot smooth tree and sliding down to keep himself warm.

A FAIR BANTER.—A certain quizzical fellow, pretty well known about town, issues the following challenge, which we hope to see entered in the Sporting Calender.

He says that he can stand longer at the corners of the business streets—spend more time in ogling the ladies—squirt more tobacco juice—assume more attitudes—make more witty observations—roar out the loudest—and give himself more airs than any six *gentlemen* in the "City of Monuments." Baltimore Transcript.

A correspondant referring to the "*five bottle man*," recorded by *Fraser's Magazine*, gives the following information:—His name was Van Horn, and he was a Hambro' merchant, and belonged to a Club called the Amicable Society, held at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate-street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period he drank 35,680 bottles of wine, which makes 2,973 dozen and and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles and a half per day. He did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days, the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter. He lived till he was 90 years of age.

A gentleman well known on the river has undertaken on the 30th inst., to row from London-bridge to the pier, Gravesend, and back, in eight hours for a large sum.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL STUD AT HAMPTON COURT.

BY NIMROD.

Although it appears but as yesterday, it is now ten years since I committed the very imprudent act of subscribing to a bond, imposing upon myself a penalty if I wrote one line upon sporting subjects, for any periodical, save the old Sporting Magazine, or otherwise published matter of such a nature, either in my own name or under the assumed name of Nimrod, for the above named term. Why I was compelled to violate that bond, I need not again say, my statement and affidavit having been already before the public in these pages; but as the period of my exile is now expired, I took a trip to old England the last week in the last month, to look about me, and to prepare the way for my return.

As may be supposed, the objects I had in view during my late visit to England, and of course to London, were numerous, and my time was fully employed; yet, as I intend going to Paris, on Monday next, for the races there and at Chantilly, where it may be expected that I shall see the owners of various continental studs, also the royal one of France, I thought within myself, that, in case of my being asked the question, it would appear strange in Nimrod to acknowledge, he had never seen the royal one of his own celebrated horse-country. Now there was no difficulty in doing this. From the character I had given me in Scotland of the gentleman now at the head of this part of the royal establishment—Colonel Wemyss, Equerry to the King, and brother to the Member for Fife, and the joint manager of the Fife hounds—I felt assured I had nothing to do but to put myself into the Hampton Court stage and ring at his bell; so taking an early breakfast at Hatchett's—my old quarters when in London in more auspicious times—I was at his door by eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and was agreeably surprised at finding some of the kindest of my Scotch friends under his roof.*

The reception I met with at the Stud House was exactly what I was prepared to receive. Colonel Wemyss immediately sent for the stud groom, and although I should have considered that a sufficient compliment had been paid to me by being permitted to inspect the paddocks with him alone, the Colonel insisted upon accompanying me through the various departments of the establishment, notwithstand the weather was far from being inviting, as it rained the whole of the morning. We were, however, attended in our walk by Mr. Worley, for such is the name of the stud groom—who, I was given to understand, has been in the service of our royal family upwards of forty years, chiefly with the late Duke of York, having accompanied his royal highness to Germany. His appearance is highly respectable—that of the old fashioned, trust-worthy servant of some great personage; but what is far superior to appearance, (oftentimes a cheat,) he is said to possess, in substance, all the good qualities required of him. Of this indeed, I could partly form a judgment from what I myself saw. Every thing in and about the paddocks, and the sheds, was in the very best keeping, and the stock, both old and young, appeared in the highest possible condition. The goodness of the hay indeed—a material point with brood mares—may be e timated from the following fact. There were several Scotch (polled) cattle in the paddocks, which were quite fat enough for the butcher, although they had eaten nothing else throughout the winter; and the oats the mares and the young stock were eating were of the very finest growth—so much so as to induce me to enquire the price, which I found to be 27s. per quarter. In fact the comfortable and secure state in which the mares—including those not belonging to the king, but sent to the different stud horses—are to be seen in the Hampton Court paddocks, forms a striking contrast with the uncomfortable and insecure state in which they are to be seen in many that I have visited, and those of high renown. On inquiring what allowance of corn was given to the young things, I was told "as much as they will eat" or, vulgo dictum, "the belly is the measure."

I had no conception of the extent of this establishment, and was surprised at finding there were no less than forty-three paddocks, varying in size from three to five acres each. The land is of excellent quality, which is indeed apparent from the closeness of the bite; and every paddock contains a roomy shed, with doors of that width which precludes the possibility of accidents so frequently arising from narrow ones. But what a breeding stud would these paddocks be equal to, if each paddock was divided—as ought to be the case, for they are much too large now—into two, or even three I was informed that they are rented of her Majesty, whose property they are in virtue of her office of Ranger of Bushey-park.

At the time I visited it, the Royal Stud consisted of

COLT FOALS.

A *Chestnut Colt*, by The Colonel, dam by Scud, out of Goosander, (the dam of Shoveler and Sailor)
A *Brown Colt*, by Tranby or The Colonel, out of Galatea, by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter
A *Chestnut Colt*, by The Colonel, out of Scandal, by Selim, (sister to Scratch and Scornful)
A *Brown Colt*, by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, (the dam of Posthaste)
A *Brown Colt*, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David
A *Chestnut Colt*, by Taurus, out of Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter
A *Bay Colt*, by The Colonel, out of Locket, by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul, by Sir Paul
A *Brown Colt*, by Peter Lely, out of Miss O'Neil, by Camillus, out of Miss Craigie, (Birmingham's dam)
A *Bay Colt*, by The Colonel, out of Spermaceti, by Whalebone
A *Chestnut Colt*, by The Colonel, dam by Partisan, out of Pawn, (sister to Penelope)
A *Roan Colt*, by Sir Benjamin Backbite, out of Miss Craven
A *Bay Colt*, by Bizarre, out of Young Espagnolle, (sister to Rapid Rhone)
A *Bay Colt*, by The Colonel, out of an Arabian Mare.

FILLY FOALS.

A *Bay Filly*, by Sultan, out of Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Moses' dam
A *Bay Filly*, by Emilius, out of Ada, (sister to Augusta)
A *Chestnut Filly*, by The Colonel, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules)
A *Brown Filly*, by Camel, out of Codicil, by Smolensko, out of Legacy, by Beningbrough
A *Chestnut Filly*, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker
A *Bay Filly*, by Tranby, out of Elfrida, by Whalebone
A *Bay Filly*, by Grey Comus, out of Xarifa, by Moses

BROOD MARES.

Belvoirina, by Stamford, dam by Mercury—covered by Actæon
Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina—covered by Camel
Maria, by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina—covered by Camel
A *Chestnut Mare*, by Oscar, out of Carmarine's dam—covered by The Colonel
Rachel, by Whalebone, out of the dam of Moses—covered by Reveller
Spermaceti, by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna—covered by Priam
Scandal, by Selim, dam by Haphazard—covered by Actæon
Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora, by Selim—covered by The Colonel
Sultana, (sister to Sultan) by Selim, out of Bacchante—covered by The Colonel and Actæon
Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon, dam by Stafford—covered by Emilius
Ada, (sister to Augusta) by Woful, dam by Rubens—covered by Actæon
Elfrida, by Whalebone, out of a sister to Gaberlunzie—covered by Priam
Galatea, by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter—covered by The Colonel
Dilphine, by Whisker, out of My Lady, by Comus—covered by Sultan
A *Bay Mare*, by Partisan, out of Pawn—covered by Actæon
A *Grey Arabian Mare*—covered by Rubini
Peri, (dam of Sir Hercules)—covered by The Colonel
Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer—covered by Actæon
Xarifa, by Moses, dam by Rubens—covered by Rubini
Miss O'Neil, by Camillus, out of Birmingham's dam, by Orville—covered by Sultan
Wings, by The Flyer, out of Oleander, by Sir David—covered by Actæon
Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter—covered by The Colonel
Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David—covered by Emilius
Young Espagnolle, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle, by Orville—covered by Logic
Sister to Sailor, by Scud, out of Goosander,—covered by The Colonel
Locket, by Blacklock, dam Miss Paul, by Sir Paul—covered by Actæon
Codicil, by Smolensko, dam Legacy, by Beningbrough—covered by The Colonel
Black Daphne, by Juniper, dam Spotless, by Walton—covered by Taurus
Gulnare, by Smolensko, dam Medora, by Selim—covered by Sir Hercules
La Danseuse, by Blacklock, dam Madam Saqui, by Remembrancer—covered by Camel
Marpessa, by Muley, dam Clare, by Marmion—not covered
Burden, by Camel, out of Maria, by Waterloo—not covered
Nannine, dam of Glaucus, by Selim—covered by Rowton

STALLIONS.

THE COLONEL, ACTÆON, CAIN, and RUBINI.
[The two last hired.]

The prices of the stud horses are, The Colonel 20gs., Actæon 15gs., Cain 15gs., Rubini 12gs. per mare. On my asking the question, I found there were not so many mares sent to the stud this year as the last by somewhere about twenty—the number being fifty last year, and only a little above thirty this. But nothing is more fluctuating than the name and fame of stallions to produce race horses, as all past experience has shown, with a few rare exceptions.

The first object of my curiosity was the two Eastern horses lately made a present of to the King, by the Imaum of Muscat, together with two brood mares, and a fine 74 gun ship. The one is a black, and the other a bay horse, and I shall dismiss my account of them in a very few words. The newspapers say, they know not in what way the "valuable gift of the horses is to be acknowledged," but doubt not its being one worthy of the King of England. Now if I were the King of England, I would accompany the returned compliment with a hint that the Imaum of Muscat need not trouble himself to send any more live lumber to my dominions. It is as bad as "coals to Newcastle," for we have horses twice as good in our own studs. As for the bay horse he has not even the characteristics that mark the real horse of the desert. The other horse may get hunters, but with the exception of his thighs he has few racing points, and is of extraordinary mean appearance. Some allowance however should be made for their having so lately arrived in this country. Two mares also accompanied the stallions, one of which produced a colt foal on the passage. There are also two grey Arab stallions in the stud, presents from the King of Oude; and an old Arab mare; but none of them will bear looking at in company with King William the Fourth's stud.

We next visited the Stallions. I had not seen The Colonel since the last day he ran, but having once seen him is enough to enable one to know him again. He is a noble animal—worth that big ship full of pseudo-Arabians—and his stock are, like himself, very full of bone. Of their racing powers I can say nothing, that being now quite out of my line, nor did I ever know much about it; but it appears that out of such a mare as Posthuma, he can get a runner*. Posthuma was put into the royal stud at the enormous sum of eleven hundred guineas!

Actæon is a splendid animal, and more like a modern race horse than The Colonel. When we look at his stock, and see what they have done, we need no longer marvel at a thousand guineas having been given for him, to the Viscount Kelburne. But fact they are all splendid animals, I mean the four stallions—and of that stamp which offers a chance of their produce being good for something, if they cannot race. What a hunter would The Colonel have made if he had been used solely as such!

The brood mares are thirty-three in number; I saw them all but one, and a fine sight it was. At the head of the list stands the *mater familias*, poor old Belvoirina, of the late king's stud, with a filly at her foot by Actæon; and followed by Elizabeth and Maria her daughers, and likewise Fleur de Lis—those great favourites of his late Majesty—the former having a filly at her foot by Camel. I also saw Maria (whose picture I am this instant looking at, and a great pet of George the Fourth's) heavy in foal to Camel, and apparently fresh and well. According to my idea of a race horse *not upon a large scale*, her form is perfect, particularly as regards the shoulder, the position of the fore leg, and the fetlock. But I should occupy the entire of your pages if I were to say all I could say about these mares, than which I never saw a finer lot—particularly Scandal (the dam, by the bye, of that good racer, *Intriguer*,) Posthumus, Fleur de Lis, Peri, Wings, Miss Clifton, Gulnare, and Nannine.

The colt foals, as they are properly called in the list, but which on the day this article appears will be yearlings, are thirteen in number, seven got by The Colonel, and one by either him or Tranby. Those out of Posthuma, Scandal, Sister to Sailor, Galatea, and Spermaceti, are very promising indeed. There is also a capital colt by Bazarre, out of Young Mouse, and by Taurus, out of Miss Clifton.

The fillies consist of seven, and they struck me as being, generally, superior to the colts. Finer animals for their age canno: I think be seen, than that by Sultan, out of Rachel, or that by The Colonel, out of Peri. The Camel and the Priam fillies are also very fine ones. I was struck with the substance—the kind of generally useful appearance—of this young stock, which if they cannot race, will make the sort of horses and mares which England now wants, and which, should racing be at an end to-morrow, she will never again want, so long as fox-hunting continues. With the exception of the Bizarre colt, out of Young Espagnolle, *of very racing form*, but a little deficient in substance, I saw not any of the young stock, barring one or two called Arabs, that were not likely to be valuable in case they may not race. But this I take to be in great measure the object of our present good king, who I believe cares no more about racing than I myself do; and from the liberal price his Majesty gives for stallions and mares, the country is not likely to be just yet stripped quite bare of its best horse blood, which foreigners appear to have the inclination to do, and we know they have the means.

Your readers are for the most part aware, that nothing bred in the royal stud is kept beyond the first year, and the annual sale is at Tattersall's, on the Monday during the first Epsom meeting, or, in more sporting language, "on the Monday in the Derby week." Although profit is not his Majesty's object, yet I have reason to believe remunerating prices hav hitherto been generally obtained. On inquiring into those of last year, I learnt from Mr. Worley that the average amounted to £108, which in these times I consider a saving price.—Every thing appertaining to the stud appears to be done with great order and regularity, a sure sign of the "pennyworth for the penny;" and I was somewhat surprised to hear, that eight helpers were all that were used throughout the entire establishment.

Never having heard of his Majesty as a sportsman, and being aware that in his earlier years "the boatswain's call," and not "the cheering cry," was most familiar to his royal ear, I was curious in ascertaining whether he took any interest in what may be called horse-craft. I was assured that his Majesty took very great interest in all the proceedings of this stud, which he often visited in the summer; and one of the helpers informed me that "the king has a terrible quick eye to any thing wrong. If there is a rail or pale out of place in the fence," said the man, "he is sure to see it." Ah! thought I, within myself, his Majesty was bred on the quarter deck, where the very coiling of a rope is a science.

I quitted the inspection of the Hampton Court paddocks with sundry very favourable impressions. In the first place, it is a grand, a very noble establishment, and such should every establishment be, belonging to the King of England. In the acrimonious and surly spirit of republicanism, the trappings of a monarchy have been condemned and grudged by the people, as if the expenses attending upon them were a particular kind of traffic, and alone independent of national prosperity, which the circulation of money invariably promotes. For my own part I always was of opinion that the King of England should be at the head of every manly sport, and that a pack of fox-hounds, kept in one of our very best counties, should also form a part of our royal establishment. At all events, if I were King of England, I would have a pack to-morrow, and I would command one John Musters, of my good county of Nottingham, to hunt them. I would sing with Pope in his Windsor Forest:—

"Let Wolga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood;
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on beasts and birds alone."

In the next place, I quitted the Hampton Court stud with a lively sense of the kind attention I had received from the gentleman who is at its head, and under whose able superintendance so much good management is to be found; and I only lamented that my engagements in London prevented my accepting his invitation to visit him again on the morrow, and discuss with him such matters as might seem meet. All that I can add then is, as a loyal man and a sportsman, *Vivant Rex et Regina* atque omnes generatores equorum nobilium.

London New Sporting Magazine for May, 1836. NIMROD.

*Mr. Whyte Melville and his family.

*Posthaste, Colonel Peel's.

SOUTHERN BLOOD STOCK.

We have been at much pains ourselves, and competeut friends for us, to get a list of the Stock of Race Horses in this vicinity with their characters and destinations, &c. that we might show how much has been done to improve our Stock of Horses. We are of those, who believe this improvement a matter of great national as well as individual consequence. After the battle of *Calibbee*, it was not mere poverty in the Cavalry, that rendered them useless in the subsequent chace between the battle ground and swamp—half their horses could not catch an Indian in their best plight. We want a good horse in either alternative, chace or flight. If we chase, we wish to catch, and if we run, we desire to outrun. How shall we execute either purpose, without a good horse? But here is our list so far. We may premise, that, tho' we have good Horses, the material out of which good stock is expected to be raised, has been generally speaking very indifferent. If *Bertrand Jun.* for instance, raises fine horses from the Mares sent to his harem last year, he will deserve well of his country; for a meaner set we never saw brought out, as the Blood Stock of any Country. But he had some good mares, as did *Hedgeford*, &c.

We will take first the imported Horse *Hedgeford*, brought to Georgia in 1835, the property of Col. Townes. He is now making his second season at the Lafayette Course, near this City. Hedgeford was sired by Filho Da Puta, winner of the St. Leger in 1835, his dam Miss Craigie by Orville (sire of Emillius, the sire of Priam) who also won the St. Leger Stakes; his g. dam Marchioness by Lurcher, his g. g. dam Miss Cogden by Penomenon, &c. Filho Da Puta was got by Haphazard, his dam Mrs. Barnet by Waxy, Woodpecker, &c. Haphazzard was got by Sir Peter Teazle, his dam Miss Hervey by Eclipse, his g. dam Clio by young Cade, Startling, Bartlett's Childers, Bay Bolton, &c. Orville, sire of Hedgeford's dam, was got by Benningborough, his dam Evelina by Highflyer, Termigant, Sampson, Regulus, &c. Benninborough was got by King Fergus, he by English Eclipse, he by Marske, he by Squirt, he by Bartlett's Childers, own brother to Flying Childers who was got by the Darley Arabian out of Betsey Leeds by Careless, &c. Marchioness was got by Lurcher, he by Dungannon, and he by Eclipse. Phenomenon was by Herod, out of Frenzy by Eclipse &c. Hedgeford thus partakes largely of that estimable blood, the Eclipse.

We continue Col. Townes' Stock:

Bay Horse *Gaston*, 5 years old, by Gov. Barbour's Imported Horse, Truffle—his dam Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy. He is at Yorkville, S. C.

Sam Chifney, 5 years old this spring, by Imported Truffle, his dam by Vampire. His left ancle was injured before his race at Charleston—he is now recovered.

Eliza Hicks, 5 years old, 19 August next, got by Timoleon, her dam by (Wilke's) Potomac, her g dam by imported Bedford, her g. g. dam raised by Col. M. Alexander, the elder, of Mecklenburg, Virg.— a distinguished breeder for nearly 50 years.

Whalebone, bay colt, 4 years old this spring, got by Monsieur Tonson, his dam by Columbus, who was got by Sir Archy—his g. dam by Potomac, g. g. dam by imported Eagle, g. g g. dam by Diomed and his g. g. g. g. dam by Fearnought—a pedigree, which should fear nought.

Becky, a bay mare, 7 years old, got by Marquis, (who was got by Timoleon) her dam by Sir Handy (by Sir Archy) her g. dam by imported Bedford, &c. Stinted to Hedgeford this Spring.

Bay Colt, out of Beckley by Luzborough, 2 years old this spring.

Fanny Dawson, 7 years old, by Pacolet, dam by Wilkes' Wonder—sold, we believe, by Col. Townes to Mr. J. Phinizy.

Col. Lawson's Stock, Burke Co.

Col. Lawson's Stock is not excelled either for extent, or excellence of blood, by any within our knowledge.

Georgia Maid, by Old Contention, dam by Imported Whip, g. dam Queen of May, (winner of 17 out of 18 races.) She has brought her owner, *Paul Pry* by Monsieur Tonson, 10th April 1831, *Betsey Baker* by Leviathan, March 12, 1833, and a *Bay Filly* by Hiazem, March 18, 1834. Georgia Maid, missed to Bertrand Jun. 1835. Stinted to Godolphin 1836.

Betsey Baker has produced a very fine Colt to Bertrand Jun. this Spring.

Kitty Fisher, 10 years old, by old Gallatin, her dam by imported Bedford &c. She is full sister to the dam of Wehawk, Pilot, Charles Kemble, &c. Kitty Fisher produced a *brown filly* by Sir John Falstaff, 20th Feb. 1833—*bay filly* by American Eclipse, 16, April 1834—2 years old, sent to Rowton—*bay filly* by Luzborough, April 3d, 1835, and 1836, Twins by Hedgeford, one of them living. Kitty Fisher this year sent to Rowton.

Lady Perry, 10 years old, by old Gallatin, dam by Sciolta (who was by Diomed) g. dam by Dentatus, who was by imported Sterling, &c. Lady Perry brought *a filly* by Eclipse, since dead—a *bay colt* by Imported Sarpedon, May 2d, 1835. She is stinted to Paul Pry 1836.

Lotte, 11 years old by Contention, out of Dam of Lady Perry. She has produced a fine filly to Sir John Falstaff. April 18th 1833—*bay filly* to Paul Pry, March 12, 1835—*Brown Colt* to Hedgeford 26th Feb. 1836. Stinted to Paul Pry, 1836.

Stock of Various Owners.

The celebrated *Ariel* is the property of Messrs. Winter & Gonder, and brought this spring a fine bay colt by Monsieur Tonson. Stinted to Rowton 1836.

The celebrated *Betsey Richards* has also brought a colt to Monsieur Tonson, and is stinted to Rowton 1836—property of J. Morrison.

Betsey Ariel, by Eclipse out of Ariel, the property of John Morrison, is also stinted to Rowton, 1836.

Hickory John, property of J. G. Winter, by John Richards dam by Badger's Hickory, who was the best son of imported Whip. He expects to change places with some, who have been beating him last season. We have no doubt his heart beats quick, when he thinks, if he ever does, of his coming Match with *Miss Medley* for $5000 a side.

Grand Turk, by American Eclipse, dam *Blank* by Arabian, the property of Winter and Morrison, is at present standing near Madison, Morgan County, Geo. His lameness has removed him from the Turf—he was a real Turk at 2 miles, and on three legs could run as long as the Town Clock.

Kitty Hickory, dam of Hickory John, is stinted at the North to Tranby or Barefoot, 1836. Property of J. G. Winter.

Pennoyer, property of J. Morrison, a fine 3 year old by Henry out of Ariel; when he comes on the Turf next season, as he will, look out for Cape Hatteras.

Sally Vandyke, also the property of Mr. Morrison, is by Henry out of an Oscar mare, and in the same Stable is

Mary Cooper, a beautiful untried filly, by Flying Childers, out of Lady Hunter, by Duroc.

Long Measure, by Bertrand, is the property of J. G. Winter, Esq., and is full brother to Bill Austin.

John Stanley, by Sir Hal, one of the most beautiful representatives of another day, is now near 20 years old and is standing at Gen. Thomas,' in Burke county—the property of Winter & Burkhalter.

Gano, a fine year old, by Eclipse out of Betsey Richards, belongs to Col. Hampton, Winter and Morrison.

Gerow, a fine colt by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse. He is owned by Mr. Winter.

Lady Harrison, by Arab, dam Votress, by Constitution, g. dam Meretrix (the dam of Virginian) by Sir Archy, has brought her owner, Mr. Morrison, a sorrel colt, 3 years old, by Hiazim, and a brown do. 2 years old, by Redd's Shark. Stinted to Bertand Jr., 1836. We learn that Mr. Morrison expects daily from New-York two blooded colts, sired by Eclipse.

Acacia, by Henry, lately Mr. Winter's, is now owned by Mr. Sproul of Alabama.

Bill Austin, by Bertrand, belonging to Col. Crowell, has a spell of rest, to recover an injury in his foreleg, and *was* lately at his owner's plantation, near Fort Mitchell. Whether the Indians have taken him to favor their future escape to the Florida Everglades, we have not learnt.

Bolivia, by Bolivar, was also in Bill Austin's company. Stinted to Robin Hood, 1836.

Robin Hood, famed for his 2 mile races, is by Henry, and stands near Columbus, in whose harem is also

Lady Naskville, by Stockholder; she run at the Columbus races, much out of order, and broke down.

John Bascombe. Who does not know John Bascombe the Bertrand champion of the Southern Turf? He arrived at New York on the 12inst.—and was expected to take up Post Boy's challenge. Take care, Long Islanders, his visit does not cost you some thousands. The last named five are well known to belong to Col. Crowell.

Andrew, untried as a stallion, but well-tried as a runner, is by Sir Charles, and is the property of Messrs. Howard and Kenan, of Milledgeville. He is said to have run his four mile race at Norfolk in 7. 40—4 seconds less time than Bascombe. The Norfolk Turf is said to be short of a mile.

Bertrand Jr., a renowned son of old Bertrand, is now in this city, and is owned by Wm. G. Haun, Esq.

Argyle—don't know where he is—has hid his face. Let the knowing ones take care that he does not show it again to their cost. His unsuccessful race with Bascombe put Monsieur Tonson stock far below par. Col. Johnson, we believe, owns one third of him at $5000, Col. Hampton another third, and if the owner of the balance cannot be found, we will accept of it ourselves for this notice of him.

Bay Maria, by Eclipse is the property of Col. Hampton.

Fanny Richards, by Maryland Eclipse out of Betsey Richards, is stinted to Rowton, and belongs to Col. Hampton.

Lady Morgan, by John Richards, is in the stable of Capt. Rowe, Orangeburg, S. C. Like her namesake, she is not a slow traveller.

Vertumnus is also in Capt. Rowe's stable. He is by Eclipse, but does not bid fair to eclipse competition.

Herr Cline, has not inclined here for some time. He has met with his matches here too often. He stands somewhere in the piney woods of South Carolina, and is another example of "how uncertain are all things here below." Fame is but air—the courser not only outruns it, but often outlives it. We believe, he still belongs to Col. Johnson.

Gov. Hamilton, the property of Mr. John Moore, of Lexington, Geo., is by Thomas' Sir Andrew, and is like his namesake on a different arena, broke down. What may be the success of the little Governors who shall hereafter endeavor to maintain their sire's reputation, *nous verrons*.

The racers *Patsey Wallace*, *Molly Long*, and *Elborak* are, we believe, taken from the Turf, and belong to Messrs. Dalby and Kerr, of this City. Patsey Wallace has been sent to old Bertrand, and the two latter stinted to Bertrand Jun.

Vixen, belongs to T. B. Smith, Esq., and is by American Eclipse, out of Robin Hood's dam. She has a fine Monsieur Tonson colt by her side, and this year has been stinted to Bertrand Jr.

Lady Barefoot, 5 years old, by Imported Barefoot out of Terrhune's Duroc Mare, belongs to John Milledge, Esq. and has a fine year old filly by Eclipse. Missed to Bertrand Jun. 1836.

Nell, by Duroc, dam by Hopperboy, full brother to Miller's Damsel, [dam of American Eclipse,] belongs to Dr. Mc Whorter. She has a year old Colt by Imported Victory, another by her side by Bertrand Jun. Stinted again to Bertrand Jun. 1836.

Roseman, by old Gallatin, has a fine year old Colt by Grand Turk—missed, 1835, to Bertrand Jun. Stinted again to Bertrand Jun.—Belongs to Mr. Morrison.

We are aware, that there are many good breeders in our neighbourhood, whom we have not noticed. We could not give their blood and therefore, have not mentioned them. We asked many owners for the pedigrees of their stables, but have not received them. We are aware this omission, may not be well taken, but it has not been our fault. As every man thinks *his* race horse is the best, he likes to see his name in the Calender. In the latter matter, we would have been pleased to gratify our neighbours; but as we have seen many shots, who thought their rifles best, and many husbands, who believed their wives were the prettiest, much mistaken in both particulars, so we are sure there are many race nags, who are unworthy of notice, but for the gratification of their owners. It is very far from being the fact, that every man, who *thinks* he has got a race horse, has got one.

"Georgia Courier" Augusta, 27th May.

HOW TO TREAT A CHALLENGE.—The editor of the Cumberland Civilian lately received a challenge to mortal combat, because he would not give up the name of a correspondent who had perpetrated some lines to "Ianthe," or some such poetic name. The demand was probably made by a jealous rival. Well, what did he do with the challenge, you ask? Why, he put it in his pocket, and kicked the bearer out of doors, as a sensible editor should.

Answers to the point are more satisfactory to the interrogator, but answers from the point may be sometimes more entertaining to the auditor. "Were you born in wedlock?" asked a council of a witness. "No sir, in Devonshire," was the reply. "Young woman," said a magistrate to a girl who was about to be sworn, "why do you hold the book upside down?" "I am obliged, sir, because I am left handed."

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range. and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c.. &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence o learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all those attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $2 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himselfon the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

ECLIPSE MARE FOR SALE.

A Gentleman has for sale a very fine sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by imported Expedition. She has been a frequent winner, though not in training the present season. She may be seen in the vicinity of the Union Conrte, during the 2d Spring Meeting. For further particulars enquire at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 14

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported Pot8o's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the Pot8o's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them-it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

*** Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foregrouud, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacie is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as naturai as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown. that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many enrious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

Sporting Varieties.

SINGULAR CHALLENGE.—Mr. Reuben Lee, of Sibthorp, in the county of Nottingham, farmer, offers to bet any sportsman 500*l* he rides on saddle (horses not to be stinted) one hundred miles a day for twenty days together, let the weather be what it may. 250*l* on Mr. Lee not doing it in the time have already been bet by several gentlemen at the Robin Hood, Newark; consequently the bet is only open for 250. N. B. Mr. Lee will be ready to start the first Monday in June, 1836.

An Englishman has lately erected on the banks of the river Theiss, in Hungary, a mill, in the form of a colossal man. The head is the dwelling-house, the eyes serving for windows, and the nose for a double chimney. The machinery is placed in the body, and set in motion by a stream of water from a canal, in the form of an immense bottle, which the monster is emptying into his mouth.

Three curious marriages are anuounced in the last Leicester paper. The first is that of a Master Elijah Brown to a Miss Eliza Stevenson, whose ages together make only 31 years. The second is that of Samuel Bateman, Esq., a man of considerable property, of Dudley, surveyor and land-agent to the Earl of Dudley to a young woman of humble birth, named Matchett, of Leicester; the bride and bride maid were profusely laden with satins, veils and plumes; two carriages and four were put in requisition; and every attendant—whether postboy, hostler, or what not—had his palm crossed with gold after the matrimonial knot was tied. The third, is a young fellow, aged 17, to a buxom widow of 33, with a family of seven children, after a whole month's widowhood.

CANINE FANCY.—On Monday last a fight, which lasted one hour and a quarter took place at Penketh, near Warrington, between Thomas Porter's dog Jerry, and James Woodward's dog Bedstocks, for 5*l* a side. Jerry scratched four times; at the fourth scratch Bedstocks bolted from the ground. The fight was throughout extremely well contested. The weight of each dog is 34lb., and the owner of Jerry is open to fight him against any dog in the kingdom, of the same weight, for 10 sovs a side.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A gentleman, well known in Glasgow, undertook to walk, last week, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, a distance of forty-three miles (fair toe and heel) in nine hours and a half, and completed his task in a quarter of a minute less than the nine hours, against which a bet of 10*l* to 1*l* had been laid. He walked the last mile in fourteen minutes, but many of them he did in ten minutes and a half. He stopped thirty-five minutes on the road to refresh, went out to a party the same night, and was as fresh as "a thistle" the next morning, ready for anather start.

A foot-race was run in St. James' Park on Tuesday morning, between Edwards and Jones, the distance being two hundred yards, for 5*l* a side. Edwards won by a stout five yards, doing the distance in twenty-one seconds and a half. Both are short men, and Jones a professional.

Captain Witham, of the 68th Light Infantry, at Portsmouth, for a wager of fifty guineas, has commenced walking thirty miles a day for six consecutive days: We will find an old man that will do double the distance in the same time; but we presume the Captain labors under some infirmity.

A man named Tillwell, of whom we never heard as a pedestrian, proposes commencing the arduous task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, over Sunbury Common, on the 20th inst. That he will complete it we very much doubt, especially as it is merely an experiment to "raise the wind"

RIFLE SHOOTING.—A rifle-match took place at Chalk Farm, on Thursday, between Messrs. Singtree and Crabstick, 50 shots each, at 200 yards distance from the shoulder. The wind was not veay high, but extremely baffling, blowing alternately down from the right and left of the target, and the consequence was, the firing was inferior to what was expected by the parties themselves. At the close Mr. Singtree had struck 36, including 7 bull's-eyes, and Mr. Crabstick 36, including 6 bull's-eyes. Mr. Singtree consequently won the match by a bull's-eye.

THE "BRAVE BELGES" OUTDONE—The Belgian *races* at Louvain are eclipsed by Spanish activity—or rather, the non-agility of the latter has quite out done the swiftfooted of Leopold. At Saragossa, at the beginning of this month, there was an alarm that the Carlists were approaching the town. The drums beat to arms, the gallant Garde Urbaine was called out and marched—no, they cast lots which battalion should march out to meet the enemy. The battalion which drew the prize, with the most patriotic alacrity—laid down their arms, and refused to stir a peg! *Braves Belges!* you are surpassed.

JACK GULLY was giving Lord O' MULGRAVE a lesson in the noble art of self-defence on friday last when his Excellency's 'mawley' came with such power against Jack's potato-pouch, that he lay sprawling five minutes without a puff in him. Mickey O' Loughlin, who beheld the Pet of the Petticoats' ignoble employment, yet was afraid to make any comment, quietly asked Dickey Sheil "Why were O' Mulgrave aud Jack, then, like each other?" Dick, with the quick instinct of a traitor,' instantly replied, "because they are both *infra dig.—in for a dig*."

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE, BY NR. N. P. WILLIS.—There is a charm in the style of this writer not unlike that of his talented countryman, Washington Irving.—Mr. Willis describes his scenes and Adventures in a most graphic and pleasing manner—his Sketches of American Character, in particular, are in perfect keeping with his subject, and distinguished by his unrivalled talent for observation.—The Cherokee's Threat, the Gipsy of Sardis, and the Revenge of Signor Basil, are papers that will rivet the attention of the reader. London Age.

KING'S PLATE *for Lower Canada*.—Our readers in the Provinces will be glad to see the following paragraphs from the Montreal Gazette.

THE TURF.—Onr readers who take an interest in racing and the improvement of CANADIAN bred horses, will be highly gratified to perceive by the subjoined correspondence, that a King's Plate of fifty guineas has been conferred upon LOWER CANADA, to be run for on such course as the Governor-in-Chief may annually direct. For this mark of Royal favour, LOWER CANADA is much indebted to the interest taken in the subject by Lord AYLMER, our late Governor-in-Chief, who kindly took cnarge of the petitions on the point from TAREE RIVERS and MONTREAL.

The races at THREE RIVERS have been fixed for the 28th and 29th July next, at which the King's Plate, recently presented by his Majesty, will be offered as a trial stakes for all horses bred in the Province, which never won plate, match or purse. The conditions will be found in our advertising columns.

TARGET EXCURSION.—On Thursday morning last, captain Parker's new company of Union Riflemen, attended by the celebrated N. Y. Brass Band, went down to Staten Island to try their skill for the first time at Target Shooting. The ground selected was in the rear of the Richmond House; they commenced shooting, off hand, at a target of sixteen inches diameter, placed at the distance of seventy-five yards; the target was completely "peppered and riddled" with balls. The competion for the prize, an elegant silver cup, which was won by private Lugher; the aggregate distance of his three shots, from the centre of the bull's eye, was three inches and one eighth, which was nearly equalled by many of the other members. Lieut. Col. Griswold presented the prize cup to the winner, and expressed to the company in a very neat and pertinent speech, the high gratification he had enjoyed in witnessing the happy result of their correct discipline and orderly deportment, which reflected equal credit both on themselves and their commandant. Star.

MALIBRAN'S RECEPTION AT DRURY LANE exceeds every thing in the expression of enthusiasm by an audience before witnessed there; and her performances equalled, indeed surpassed, the anticipations of her most ardent admirers. A critic remarks that—

"Her intonation was faultless throughout. 'Her style,' says a cotemporary, 'of executing some chromatic passages was distinguished by the precision of a stringed instrument in the hands of an experienced player; the delicacy and finish with which she accomplished distance were truly surprising' There were one or two wonderful droppings of the voice; and once, in the finale, 'We will make a heaven of love'—that in which she shows up her arm with an inexpressible grace, that fixes the attitude forever after as a picture in the memory—she sent one fine and sudden note into the heavens, like a bright star shooting upwards, and trembling as it flew with the soul of music. That sound we never heard before—it was, indeed, 'far above singing.' Malibran was twice called for by the audience; and nothing could exceed the univeral delight in the theatre, except the grace with which she curtseyed her acknowledgments."

CUTTING.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The world is not a perfect one,
  All women are not wise or pretty,
All that are willing are not won—
  More's the pity—more's the pity!
"Playing wall-flower's rather flat";
  L'Allegro or Penseroso—
Not that woman care for that—
  But oh! they hate the slighting beau so!

Delia says my dancing's bad—
  She's found it out since I have cut her;
She says wit I never had—
  I said "she smelt of bread and butter."
Mrs. Milton coldly bows—
  I did not think her baby "cunning;"
Gertrude says I've little "nous"—
  I'm tired of her atrocious punning.

Tom's wife says, my taste is vile—
  I condemned her macarony;
Miss McLush, my flirt awhile,
  Hates me—I preferred her crony;
Isabella, Sarah Jane,
  Fat Estella, and one another,
Call me an immoral man—
  I have cut their drinking brother.

Thus it is—be only civil—
  Dance with stupid, short and tall—
Know no line 'twixt saint and devil—
  Spend your wit on fools and all—
Simper with the milk and water—
  Suffer bores, and talk of caps—
Trot out people's awkward daughters—
  You may scandal 'scape—perhaps!

But prefer the wise and pretty—
  Pass Reserve to dance with Wit—
Let the slight be e'er so petty,
  Pride will never pardon it.
Women never yet refused
  Virtues to a seeming wooer—
Women never yet abused
  Him who had been civil to her, Mirror.

Napoleon's Grave.—We were bound from India homewards, and losing sight of the Cape, rolled up through blue waters, and with a lively "trade" to that Ocean-Isle (St. Helena.) It was evening when we came abreast of it, and we slackened sail, standing away from it for the night. The morn burst in its richest and most imperial lovliness, the sun rose from a pavilion of purple clouds, and the billows sparkling and dancing under the ship's bows before us were tinged and scintillated with alternate hue and radiance of pink and silver. Presently the rock rose before us, but it was enveloped in the early mists, and its sterile heights and savage outline became not on the instant visible. The breeze was brisk, and we neared and neared it, and ere noon were in its open roadstead at nohor, facing the only accessible point of its coast—James Town. Impetuously we rushed ashore; the landing was difficult—dangerous. At length we were carried up to the jetty on the back of a heavy surge. We broceeded through a wooden gateway to the town. * * * In an hour and a half we turned aside from the main road, and, traversing an arid field, came up with Longwood. It was nothing save a barn! The roof was falling in, the walls were dilapidated; cows and horses fed in mangers in it. It was deserted: few entered it; it was kept by a woman and her husband, who tended the cattle it gave shelter to. Such was Longwood! Alas, how dismayed we looked, and how bitterly we sighed! There was a bath room, as a memento. * * The tomb!—the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte by moonlight! What a scene—what a moment—what feelings were those that crowded upon us! The ground we trod upon seemed sacred; the spot—the atmosphere of the region pervaded by an awe. We advanced; there, to the right hand was the fount—its waters how crystal, sparkling cold! the fount, how its babbling fell upon the ear—how like memories were its echoes! We advanced—we were on the margin itself—the margin of the tomb! The silence was intense—oppressive; we were overwhelmed; we clung to the iron railings which enclosed it for support. For a moment we were in darkness—darkness that was total; but again the moon shone out, and then we saw that the face of the sepulchre was characterless—uninscribed! Our hearts beat—we were glad it was uninscribed; what inscription was that which could be stamped on such a tomb? East India Magazine.

Varieties.

Mr. Joseph Mondey was recently indicted in Illinois for assault and battery. He went to a tavern, and on being required to settle his score, he kicked the landlord, Bill Simmons. That, we suppose, was what he called *footing the Bill.* Louisville Journal.

A Cambria newspaper, not long ago, mentioned several communes in the rich, populous, and enlightened department of the Nord had refused to vote funds for the improvement of the cross roads, assigning as a reason that their forefathers had done without roads of any description!

Ballooning and Rioting.—There was to have been a balloon ascension at Camden, New Jersey, Tuesday afternoon. But there was a storm, and consequently no balloon started. Whereupon, the indignant populace, whose feelings were outraged because a man would not risk his neck among the clouds in a thunder storm, pelted the balloon with brick bats. No lives were lost, thanks to the clemency of the most kind hearted and reasonable mob. Times

A young Miss who advertises in Bennett's Herald for a husband, recommends herself to the gentlemen by saying she resembles Ellen Jewett very much. No one need apply who is not five feet eight inches high. The advertiser is in great haste. Boston Post.

Cheap Enough.—A New York Jury lately fined James Gray two dollars for killing another man by the name of Mattock. Ibid.

The Boston Pearl has a good plan for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, which strikes us as simple and effectual. Here it is:

Let those *pay now* who never *paid* before,
And those who whilom *paid* now *pay the more!*

A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE.—A native of the sister island having come to London for the first time, went to Drury Lane Theatre. In the course of the evening there was a great hubbub (no uncommon case) in the gallery, upon which Pat (who was in the pit) rose up in a great hurry, and with marks of indignation in his face, thus addressed the turbulent deities:—"I'll tell you what it is now, if you don't *immediately* make a less noise, faith I'll *lave* the house."

On the Motion for the Admission of Ladies into the House of Commons.

We read that a donkey was gifted with speech
By an angel that visited Balaam of yore:
So these angels of life in the Commons will teach
Human language to asses that ne'er spoke before.

Among the many strange modes of suicide we have had to record, the following is not the least extraordinary. A man living at Marre, in the Mayenne, being jilted by a young woman who had promised him marriage, deliberately heated an oven, crept into it, and closed the door. Life was no doubt very quickly extinct, though he seems to have made one effort to save it, as his head was fouud turned towards the door. French paper.

Sir Walter Scott was driving along a road near Abbotsford, one day, when a beggar hastened to open a gate, for which piece of civility Sir Walter thought to remunerate him with sixpence; but upon searching his purse, and finding he had not so small a coin, the worthy baronet threw him a shilling, saying, "Mind, you owe me sixpence."—"Bless your honour," cried the beggar, "may you live till I pay you."

John Bull suggests, fitly enough, that the portion of the House of Commons to be appropiated for the ladies, should be called the "*Girl-ery,*" in contradistinction to the "*Gallery*" for men.

A Nova Scotia paper of December has the following notice: "Those of our subscribers who have agreed to pay us in firewood, are requested to bring it along soon, for if they do not, and the cold weather should continue, we'll freeze to death, that's all."

The editor of the Wheeling (Va.) Times, either has no music in his soul, or is cursed with too nice an ear; we can feel for him in either case. In one of his late numbers he advises the young bloods who are dedicating their nocturnal hours to serenading the ladies, to keep better time, as it is impossible to *sleep straight* by their uneven music.

Flaming handbills are posted on the walls in and around Liverpool, stating that mechanics are earning four dollars per day in New York. Thus is a false lure basely held out for the sake of their passage money. We want words to express our abhorrence of such conduct. Emigrant.

MOREAU AND THE LEGION OF HONOUR.—Moreau ridiculed the idea of the formation of the Legion of Honour. When he heard from some one that it was also intended to be given to those who had distinguished themselves in science, and not to be confined to feats of arms alone, he replied, "Well then, I shall apply for my Cook to be made a Commander, as his talents are most superior in the science of cookery. [A Voice from St. Helena.

NEGRO SERMON.—One of the black preachers in Freetown, preached from the text, "Melchizedec, without father, without mother, without *descent,*" which he proceeded to explain to his audience:—Dat mean to say—without father, him have no daddy; without mother, him have no mammy; without *deecent*, dat mean for say, without any genteel behaviour at all. [Rankin's White-man's Grave.

EUGENE ARAM.—A provincial paper contains a notice of the death of Edward Day, at Knaresborough, aged 101, one of the constables who arrested the celebrated Eugene Aram, 80 years ago.

PHILOSOPHY.—"Aunty," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes o' a' the auld moons?" "'Deed, laddie, I'm no very sure," was the tardy reply; "they'll may be clip them dooen and mak' stars o' them."

In a little more than eighty years the population of the United States has increased from one to eleven millions.

A Mr. Lucius Robinson, declaring himself to be of the British King's household, was lately kicked out of a Cafe at Paris for cheating at ecarte. He offered to fight if the youngster who inflicted the chastisement would settle £1000 upon his wife, which being declined he prosecuted for damages at 2000 francs. The court gave him 50.

A farmer having hired a man to reap two or three acres of barley, went out into the field, and found him reclining under the shade of a tree. "What is the matter," inquired he. "Oh," said the man, "I feel amazing *drop-sickle!*" Boston Transcript.

Figaro in London proposes in allusion to the unpopularity of a certain Royal Duke, to make a railway from Cumberland to Gravesend, and thence to the Infernal Regions.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN. A Pawtucket girl, not ten years of age, lately planted two acres of land with potatoes, in one day. What a wife for a farmer! Woonsocket Patriot.

What a *farmer* for a wife, we should say. Dedham Patriot.

A fortnight ago we announced that a schoolmaster of this city, named Newbold, had very imprudently put his hand upon the head of a savage tiger in Mr. Wombwell's menagerie, and that the animal had seized his hand, and so severely lacerated the thumb and forefinger, that immediate amputation was resorted to.—We regret to add the melancholy fact, that he has lost his life by his foolish temerity. It was generally feared that lock-jaw would ensue from the laceration of the muscles, but after lingering some days symptoms of mortification ensued in the limb. Another surgical operation was performed, with the hope of saving life, but in vain; he died at half-past two on Wednesday morning last. For some hours prior to his demise he was quite delirious, and nearly the last words he uttered was a cry of entreaty to those near him that they would keep off that horrid beast, the tiger, which was going to spring upon him. An inquest was held upon the body on Thursday afternoon, before W. Carrick, Esq. coroner, when evidence was adduced to prove that the deceased was repeatedly cautioned by the keeper and others, to keep away from the beasts, but he neglected their caution in the foolish bravado of intoxication. Verdict, accidental death, with a deodand of 1s. on the tiger. Carlisle Patriot, English paper.

STARTLING FACTS FOR PRINTERS.—No persons are so poorly paid as printers of newspapers, though their columns are the best and most rapid vehicles of circulating intelligence. A house at New Orleans lately made a charge of $4500 and actually received the same for advertisements and blanks in relation to goods consigned to them, while the poor printer got but $150.

STEAM POWER ON RAIL ROADS.—It would require 12 stage coaches, carrying fifteen passengers each, and 1200 horses to take 180 passengers 240 miles in twenty-four hours, at the rate of 10 miles an hour. One locomotive steam engine will take that number, and go two trips in the same time, consequently will do the work of 2400 horses! Again it would require thirty mail coachs (six passengers each), and 3000 horses, to take 180 passengers and mail, 240 miles in twenty-four hours, at the rate of 10 miles an hour. One locomotice steam engine will take that number, and go two trips in the same time, consequently will do the work of 6000 horses!

HORRID MURDER.—The New Orleans Advertiser of June 8th, gives the following horrid details of a murder at Grand Gulf, State of Mississippi:—"By a gentleman, passenger in the steamer Jane, from Manchester, arrived last evening, we have been furnished with the particulars of a revolting murder. On Saturday evening last, Mr. W. Green, a respectable citizen, residing within one mile of Grand Gulf, had retired to rest, but had not been in bed more than an hour, when he was awakened by the screaming of one of his negro women in the yard, he immediately got up to ascertain what was the matter, when, to his astonishment, he beheld a negro man cutting and stabbing the poor wretch in a shocking manner with a large Bowie knife. Mr. G. immediately ran to arrest his arm, but he had not approached within four yards of him, when he drew forth a pistol and fired it at Green, but without effect.

The diabolical fiend, perceiving his shot did not take effect, desisted from his horrid butchery of the woman, and rushed upon the defenceless Mr. Green, inflicting no less than seventeen dreadful wounds on the unfortunate man. Not yet glutted with blood, he cut out his heart and put it in his hand. He was immediately arrested and condemned to be burned to death over a slow fire, which was put in execution."

Custom House Hotel.—When the proprietor of an establishment exhibits unusual skill in fitting up his house, and succeeds in rendering it a place of elegant resort and real public benefit, it becomes the duty of a newspaper to speak of it. With this view we beg leave to call the attention of the public to the Custom house Hotel. It is situated at the corner of Pine and Nassau streets, and the manner in which it is conducted and supported, bids fair to yield a golden harvest to its spirited conductor, Mr. Horn. The Refectory is served in the best manner and the bar room, soda fountain, and other appendages, are not surpassed, perhaps, by any other establishment in New York. Times.

A little fellow who has just begun to talk, was taken to the Depot to see the cars start; and on being asked what he saw there, he said, "It was a whole row of coaches, that went without any horses, and had a great tea kettle on before, boiling; and they were frying too, and all the gentlemen went in to get their suppers!"

A NEW CASE.—A subscriber to the New York Transcript "stopped his paper" the other day because their publishers would not lend him their handcart for *two hours,* when they were using it themselves. The publishers console themselves that they have a few thousand *non*-handcart-borrowing subscribers left, notwithstanding the flare up of such a werry peqular indiwidjual.

A curious game at bowls was played at Canterbury lately. One gentleman bowled in the usual manner, the other kicked the ball. The later won the match.

Amateur of Scalps.—The New Orleans Bee relates the following anecdote: "*An Amateur.*—One of the Florida volunteers from this state had killed a Seminole Indian during the last campaign, and brought home his scalp as a trophy. A friend of his stole or took it; and the volunteer has issued out a writ of sequestration by one of our courts, for the recovery of his property."

Death of a Veteran.—Died on the 30th inst., in the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, John Henderson, a pensioner in that establishment. The noble old soldier completed his 106th year on the 5th day of last March. He was present at the battle of Culloden, the capture of Quebec, under Wolfe; of the Havanna under Pocock; at the battle of Bunker's Hill; and numerous other engagements by sea and land.

Sweepstakes open for 3 ys. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course.

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never *won* a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Laila Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

FALL, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Hamlin, produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens " Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate " Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens " Janette and Henry.
5. Also, " Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson " Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton " Powancey and Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson " Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts " Phillis and Eclipse.

SPRING, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

New-York, June, 1836. june 26

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.

2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.

3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.

4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. PHILIP C. HOUGHTON, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up;* and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best roferences will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place june 25 3t

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 26 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass.

Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
may 14 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
	The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

MR. WARD, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and Haymarket and Olympic Theatres, London, begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, and public in general of Montreal, that in consequence of Mr. DINMORE's duties at the Chesnut-Street Theatre, Philadelphia preventing his attendance in Canada during the summer, the Theatre will be opened for a short season, under Mr. Ward's sole management,

ON MONDAY, 27th JUNE,

With an efficient Company; and during the season he will have the honor to present

Mr. John Reeve; Mr. and Mrs. Ternan,

(*Late Miss Fanny Jarman.*)

MDLLE. CELESTE,

HERR CLINE, ... | . . . . MR. ABBOTT,

And other Celebrated and attractive Performers.

The Stock Company will be such as to merit and ensure the approbation of an enlightened public; and neither cost nor trouble will be spared to render the Establishment worthy of support. june 11 2w

THEATRE ROYAL, QUEBEC.

THE LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND PUBLIC IN GENERAL OF QUEBEC are respectfully informed that the lease of the Theatre having been transferred by Mr. Logan to Mr. Ward, he proposes opening that Establishment on or about the 11th July, with an efficient Company, and during the season he will have the honor to present

MR. AND MRS. TERNAN,

[LATE MISS FANNY JARMAN],

MDLLE. CELESTE, ... | . . . . MR. JOHN REEVE,
HERR CLINE, ... | . . . . MR. ABBOTT,

And other Celebrated and attractive Performers.

Every effort will be strained to render the arrangements complete, and Mr. Ward confidently depends upon the patronage and support of an enlightened and liberal public.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

N. M. LUDLOW, (of the firm of Smith & Ludlow, Managers of the above named establishments,) will be in New York and Philadelphia, the latter part of May, when he will be ready to receive propositions from such persons as may wish to engage for one year.

The Evening Star will please copy daily, inside, until forbid.

HORICULTURE.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the Ladies and Gentlemen, Amateurs, Florist, &c. to his splendid collection of *new Flowering plants,* viz. *Geraniums. Rhododendons Agaleas, Calceolaris, Cactuses,* &c. He has now in splendid bloom at his Garden and Greenhouse, corner of Willoughby & Jay st. near the Military Garden, Brooklyn, L. I.

RUSSELL.

may 21-3t, Florist, and Landscape Gardener, from London.

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . $25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start,*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m. 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard;* her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon;* her dam, *Miss West;* by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare;* her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker; Everlasting*, by *Eclipse. Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare;* her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium;* her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (11lb7. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l.*, distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy.—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given: beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrving 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. eech, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 year old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoos

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hnds high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very acae, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are retivctfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

SACKETT & BRANCH,
PRINTERS.